The Sketch

No. 2535—Vol. CXCV. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1941. ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

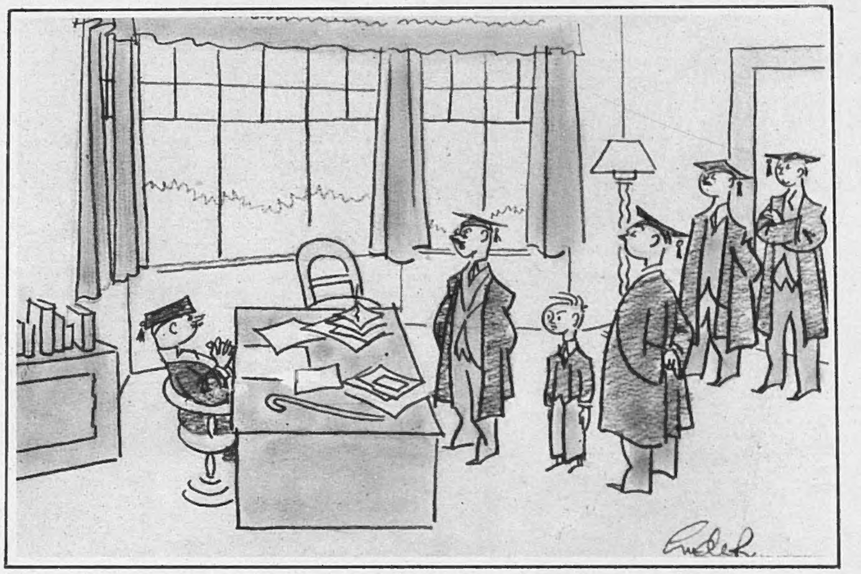
PREMIER'S ANCESTOR ON THE NEW YORK STAGE.

The part of the Duchess of Marlborough, an ancestor of Mr. Winston Churchill, is being played by FLORA ROBSON *at New York's St. James's Theatre, in a new Gilbert Miller production, "Anne of England." It will be remembered that England's famous soldier Duke married, in 1678, Sarah Jennings, the favourite attendant and greatest friend of Anne, daughter of James II., who later became Queen. The play is written by Mary Cass Canfield and Ethel Borden.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

Winning the War. How jolly it must be to draw up one's chair to the fire, take out a writing-pad and the old fountain-pen, and win the war! I am astonished at the number of people in this country who are able to perform this remarkable feat. They have filled the newspapers with hundreds of thousands of words lately, and, what is even more miraculous, they have filled the Continent of Europe with hundreds of thousands—nay, millions—of British soldiers who have marched triumphantly across France (apparently with little or no opposition), leapt lightly over the Maginot Line and the Siegfried Line, raced across Germany kicking a football, and paraded, with brass bands playing, down Unter den Linden. The Germans have sometimes spoken slightingly of our strategy, but if they knew how many master-strategists there were in Fleet Street alone, they would tremble. It is a national scandal that none of these Little Corporals, with Field Marshal's fountain-pens in their knapsacks, are in charge of operations in the field. The fact that a good many of them have never even seen the field ought not to detract—and obviously does not detract, in their own estimation—from the value of their opinions.



"We caught him smoking, but he won't disclose the whereabouts of the tobacconist!"

DRAWN BY ENDER.

Battles of the Smoking-Room. However, I, for one, do not altogether regret these arm-chair campaigns. They may make some impression on excitable Members of Parliament, which, in my experience, is not a very difficult thing to do; but it is, let us hope, highly improbable that they will tempt either the Government or the High Command into any wild adventures. Meanwhile, these outpourings must be earnestly studied by Dr. Goebbels, and if they keep him guessing a little no harm is done. Otherwise, one might be tempted to think—and it is a conclusion to which one would come only with the greatest reluctance—that the freedom of the Press in this country is sometimes almost too free. However, I dare say it does not matter in the long run that wars should be fought with ink and wishful thinking—always provided that somebody who really knows something about the job is actually conducting them elsewhere by other and more realistic means.

Have His Carcase. And, talking of freedom, let us permit ourselves a gentle tear for that grand old British institution, Habeas Corpus, now put under an anæsthetic for duration by the House of Lords. Regulation 18B has now run the gauntlet of the final tribunal, as it was bound to do some time or other, and it must have been with extreme repugnance that the Noble and Learned Lords laid it down once for all that a single Minister of the Crown can, on mere suspicion, imprison a subject for an indefinite period without trial, without even accusation and without accounting to anybody. Out of about a dozen judges who have tried this issue, only one has raised his voice against the ghost of the Star Chamber, taking his stand on the simple but unanswerable point that there is a difference between *having* reasonable cause for depriving a man of his liberty and *thinking that you have* reasonable cause for it. This is no place for legal niceties, but may a plain man ask a simple question? If this Ministerial power was intended to be completely unfettered, what was the point of saying in the Regulation that the Minister must have reasonable cause for clapping a man into gaol? Does not the mere insertion of the condition imply that there must be some test as to whether the condition has been fulfilled or not? And what other test can there be than that which is applied in all similar cases, *i.e.* the courts of justice? I may be very stupid, but I think that a great many people besides myself must be puzzled by this simple question of the meaning of language.

Loaves and Fishes.

Well, let us be thankful that at least the Minister of Food cannot send us to Brixton for duration on suspicion of having scrounged an extra chop or two out of the butcher. In my opinion, Lord Woolton has all the makings of a first-rate Santa Claus, and he has proved it by giving us all a lovely Christmas present of pink coupons. This gives me great joy, for I have long been an admirer of the tin or can, and have steadfastly maintained that some of the best comestibles come from it. For example, I hold firmly—though I am howled down by culinary highbrows whenever I say so—that there is no asparagus as good as tinned asparagus, and no soups better then certain canned soups made by——but soft! I will not mention the firms concerned unless they are prepared to pay me substantial sums for the advertisement. When I read—though I do not profess to have mastered—the system of "points," which is almost more complicated than that of county cricket or football pools, I am astonished at the variety of tinned foods of which I have never heard and the number of opportunities which I have neglected. I should love to experiment amid all this wealth of Ready Lunches and Veal Loaves (not to mention fishes) and Beef Rolls, but I doubt whether my allowance of pink coupons will get me beyond a morsel of bully now and then—not that I would speak with disrespect of bully, which has been my benefactor and Alas-my-Poor-Brother on many an occasion.

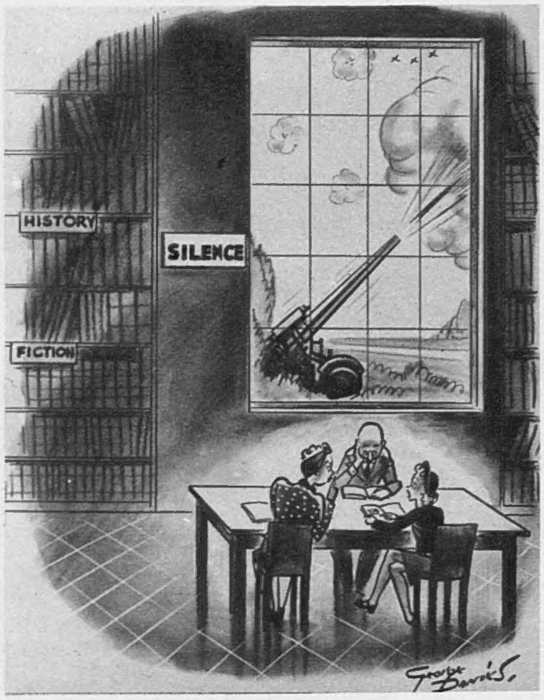
"Sorry, Sir, we haven't a drop of wine on the premises!"

DRAWN BY TERNENT.

Vintage Tins. I am grateful to the Director of Development of the Tin Research Institute (I fear I did not know of his existence—such is fame!) for a letter to *The Times* which greatly relieves my mind, even though it has inevitably been contradicted by other experts. Let me confess—and they can prosecute me if they like—that I was one of those pusillanimous pessimists who showed his faith in Collective Security by laying in a modest store of necessaries long before this war broke out—indeed, even before Munich. I believe this is now regarded as highly unpatriotic by those who did not have the same foresight, but at the time it was regarded by responsible persons as not only legitimate but public-spirited. There are a few surviving tins left, and I have been wondering whether they are not by now a form of lingering death by botulism or ptomaine. The Director of Development reassures me that nearly everything I have will improve in tin for some ten years or more. So I am making my

plans to draw on these reserves about half-way through the war. Butter, sweet milk and acid fruits have, it seems, a shorter life, but, even so, they are completely free of that nasty thing, "toxicity." This is a great comfort. My respect constantly grows for the brilliant but anonymous genius who first thought of sealing food in tins.

Bl'monj. But I have *not* the same veneration for the enemy of the human race who invented the scourge known as Blancmange. Bl'monj—dread word! Grim shadow over childhood's days! I can still see it—musk pink, mud-coloured or ghastly white—staring at me glassily from the dish, cold, clammy, merciless! And sometimes there were lumps in it. Ah, my sainted mother, I trust I was a dutiful son, but I have never forgiven you those lumps! Sometimes it wasn't even bl'monj—it was just "shape"—a blood-curdling Shape of Things to Come. And then I was supposed to say that for what I had received I was truly thankful! Why, you may ask, do I reopen these old wounds? Because I see, with thrilled interest, that blancmange is about to be "controlled," along with a number of other powders and concoctions containing starch. No doubt this will mean the appointment of a Blancmange Controller, with a large staff of experts. I wish I had the job, because I flatter myself that I know exactly how to control a blancmange. You take it in the right hand, and, with a sweeping or bowling motion of the arm (as for a hand-grenade), heave it to the furthest possible point in the garden, where the cat, if not fastidious, can regale himself on the fragments.



"*Ssh!*"

DRAWN BY GEORGE DAVIES.

True Hospitality. All this "control" is very tiresome sometimes, but I am bound to say that it lends a certain excitement to hospitality nowadays. It is so maty and cheer-making to be able to share one's little treats with one's friends. What fun to be able to ring up somebody who has been looking a bit peaky lately, and give the glad tidings: "I say, good old Bill (isn't he a pet?) has sent us a brace of grouse—will you come in and help us with them to-night? I *think* they'll roast, but if they won't, we'll have them in a casserole, just to loosen them up a bit—do you mind? Good! Seven-thirty, then—that'll be lovely! No, don't dress. What? Two tins of New Zealand butter from George? No, no, I wouldn't dream of robbing you! Very well, if you *insist*—just a speck! *What*? You mean *real* sherry? All right, if you seriously mean it, bring it along, and we'll have up a bottle of the Corton—there are still a few die-hards left!" That's what I call real hospitality, with all the makings of a very pleasant foursome—and no nonsense about requesting the pleasure of the company or R.S.V.P. or white tie or black tie. There's a communism about it which I am sure Uncle Joe would encourage even among the *bourgeoisie*. And, curiously enough, it is, in my experience, the sort of invitation which is seldom declined, or accepted with a groan of resignation, as in the dull days of peace.

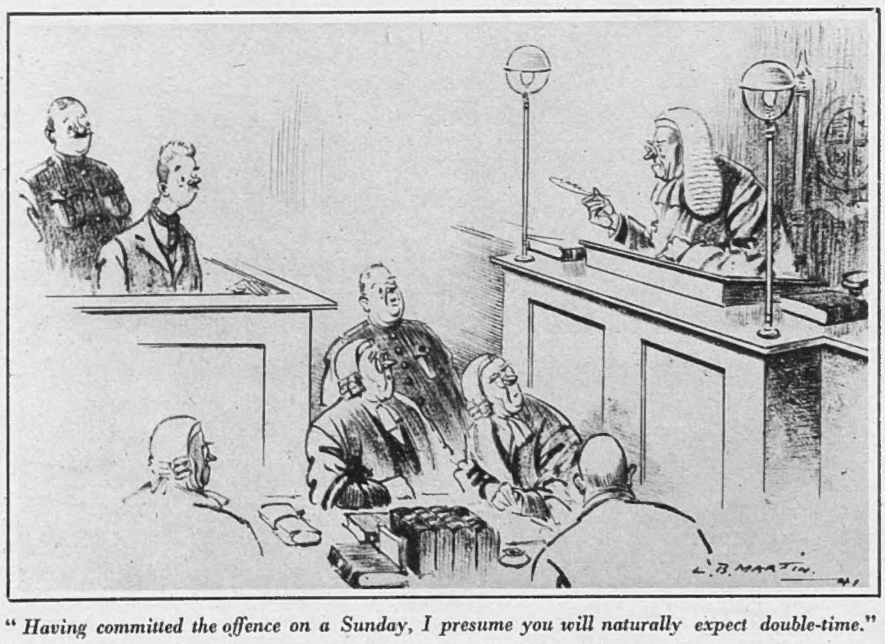
Domestic Economy.

True, this sort of wartime invitation usually contains a proviso of this kind: "Of course, we haven't got a cook, or any maids—in fact, nobody except the daily woman—but you won't mind waiting on yourselves, will you?" And the answer probably is: "A *daily woman*? Good heavens, I didn't know that such a thing existed nowadays!" An exaggeration; the species is not actually extinct, but fast disappearing, like the kiwi and the duck-billed platypus. The interesting speculation is whether there will ever be any domestic service again, and, if not, how houses—not to mention hotels, hospitals and other large institutions—are going to be run? The answer, I dare say, is that they just *aren't*; but even if we all have to live in communal flats or workhouses, somebody has got to do the cooking and scrubbing, and I cannot imagine who it is going to be.

A return to the cave might be a solution, but there is an inadequate supply of caves in these islands, and, anyhow, I suppose that there is housework, or cavework, even in a cave. In America they have partially solved the problem by machinery, but machinery can't do everything; there must be somebody to turn the knobs and switches, and my experience of labour-saving devices is that they need a good deal of labour to keep them in working order. No, the outlook is bleak, and probably the only place where we shall be able to rely on home comforts will be one of H.M. prisons. The competition will be keen, however, and it is probable that nothing short of homicide will secure a reservation.

Carte Blanche. Does it cause me pain, or a certain sneaking sense of satisfaction, when I read that there will be no Christmas cards this year, except those already printed? Frankly, I cannot pretend that I regard this as one of the major tragedies of war. The Yuletide Greeting undoubtedly has its uses; it is a very convenient way of promoting general goodwill by keeping vaguely in touch with people whom one hardly ever sees and whom, possibly, one does not greatly yearn to see. In short, it is useful as a sort of code message: "I'm still alive—are you?" And it is no exaggeration to say that if one searches diligently among the dreary wastes of stage-coaches and Olde Worlde inns and cream-crowned plum-puddings and punch-bowls and herald angels and tinsel snowstorms and doggerel verse of the Wassail and Wenceslas School—if, I say, one has that degree of patience and hope, one may occasionally come across a Greeting which possesses æsthetic merit. But is it Scroogey to feel that these cartloads of cards may sometimes become a bit of a social tyranny? Whether that be so or not, it was obvious that even a reduced number of Christmas cards at sixpence or so each would hardly be consistent with national economy, depletion of postal staff and shortage of paper.

Without Form and Void. More than once I have had to call attention to Women's Wrongs in this war, and the latest hardship to be inflicted on them—or, at all events, threatened—is Shapeless Stockings. They are to be "unshaped and with no seam up the back"—apparently, a sort of tube or sack, though provided, I presume, with a kind of projection at the end for the foot. It may be my stupidity, but I don't get the idea. I don't understand how an unshaped stocking can be a stocking at all. It may be an advantage to have no seam, because a seam which is not there at least cannot ladder; but I repeat that there is an established difference between a bag and a stocking, and if anybody is going to suggest Shapeless Socks, I am going to mutiny.



"*Having committed the offence on a Sunday, I presume you will naturally expect double-time.*"

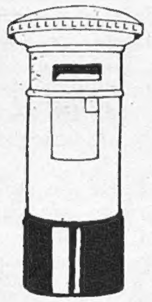
DRAWN BY L. B. MARTIN.

Undress Uniform.

The gallant officer who, after swimming the River Omo, in East Africa, captured two Italians and put eight to flight, had no socks at all, nor any other article of gent's wear. Nor had he any weapons. His uniform, in fact, was even lighter than Gunga Din's. Could not this example be extended to the whole Army? It would save the country a great deal of money.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT.—I am in London! Every year when Autumn comes, and the bathing-dresses have been washed and put away, and the roof umbrella stowed in the cellar, and the cushions in the linen cupboard, I begin to long for London. I didn't go up at all last year, and this year the craving became so intense that at last I rushed to the telephone and rang up Linda Dixon and asked her if she could have me to stay for two days, and that I 'd bring a rabbit. Linda, who is quite the most welcoming person in the world, said it was just what she was longing for, and the rabbit wasn't necessary.

I was so pleased and excited I could only stammer and stutter down the telephone, but as soon as I had put the receiver back I

"Asked for 'Trunks.'"

began to have Doubts. Suppose a Bomb were to drop on Charles in my absence? Suppose a Bomb were to drop on me in London? Charles and I hold strong views about being blown up together if we have to be blown up at all, and I had a vivid mental picture of Charles and the children in deep mourning, and Charles saying: "She would go. I couldn't stop her. Your poor Mother always had a craving for pleasure and excitement," and an even worse one of me returning to find our house a smoking ruin surrounded by Charles's weeping patients.

"Perry went and sat in it."

"What 's the matter?" said Charles after dinner. "You seem very gloomy."

"I 'm going to London to-morrow."

"I thought you wanted to go to London," said Charles. "You 've been saying nothing else for a fortnight."

"Well, now I 'm going I sort of don't want to."

Charles gave me a patient look. "You always go on like this," he said.

"Who 's going to take Perry for his walkies?"

"Not me," said Charles firmly, and opened *The Times*.

I woke up next morning with a heart like lead. Why, oh, why, had I deliberately let myself in for this agony? There was the telephone beside my bed. I lay and looked at it for a bit, and then picked up the receiver and asked for "Trunks."

"Linda, I 'm not coming."

"But why, darling?"

"Well, I just feel I can't."

"Now, Henrietta," said Linda firmly, "I know exactly how you feel, but you must fight against it. We shall expect you for tea." Then she rang off.

As soon as I got out my suit-case Perry went and sat in it, looking at me very piteously the while. Charles said, "Good-bye, Old Girl. Don't get run over in the black-out, you 're such a fool in traffic." Matins flung her arms round my neck and said, "Oh, Madam, Madam, take care of yourself!" The man in the bank said, "London? Bad time to go to London, surely? I hope we shall see you safely back, Mrs. Brown." Faith said, "You 'll have an awful journey," and the Conductor said, "London will make you cry."

When I got to the station it was a shock to find that the twelve o'clock train now starts at twelve-thirty. Things are not what they were in the Old Country, Robert. But it gave me time to go back and fetch my earrings, which I had left on the mantelpiece. Matins, who thought I was my own ghost, uttered a loud shriek when she saw me, and dropped the dustpan and brush; and Perry, poor darling little Perry, who, like Mr. Priestley, has his own ideas about Time, thought two days had passed, and gave me an ecstatic welcome.

It was almost worse getting off the second time, but I dragged myself away, and met Mrs. Savernack in the road outside. "You look very togged-up, Henrietta," she said disapprovingly.

"I 'm going to London, Mrs. Savernack."

"But we are asked not to travel."

"I am going on business," I said primly, looking down my nose, and left her staring.

This triumph over Mrs. Savernack, my only one so far, did a lot to cheer me, and as I nearly missed my train and had to run from the top of the hill, there was no time for any more heart-burnings. Of course, directly I got in the train I began to enjoy myself, and, contrary to Faith's gloomy forebodings, I got a corner seat.

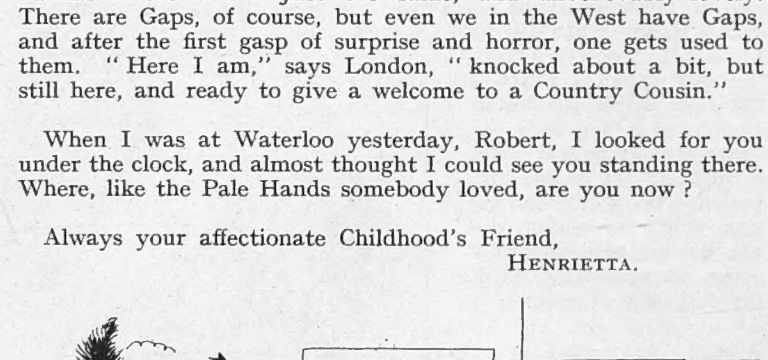
As we slid into the suburbs, excitement clutched at my heart in the old way, but I found myself wondering whether I would get the same welcome as I used to. In the old days, London used to say, "Here are the Autumn Visitors, give them a welcome," and as you stepped out of the train, Waterloo Station bowed and smiled; but that was before the war. What was London going to say this time? Would she say, "You are not a Londoner. Go back to the country where you belong, and don't come here to stare at my wounds"? I turned my eyes away from the devastation outside Waterloo, and fixed them on my book.

But London is just the same, Robert. As I drove away in my taxi, the autumn sunshine was on Westminster Bridge, and the tops of the houses loomed out of a faint grey mist, and there were dahlias in the Park. Just the same, and unbelievably lovely. There are Gaps, of course, but even we in the West have Gaps, and after the first gasp of surprise and horror, one gets used to them. "Here I am," says London, "knocked about a bit, but still here, and ready to give a welcome to a Country Cousin."

When I was at Waterloo yesterday, Robert, I looked for you under the clock, and almost thought I could see you standing there. Where, like the Pale Hands somebody loved, are you now?

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

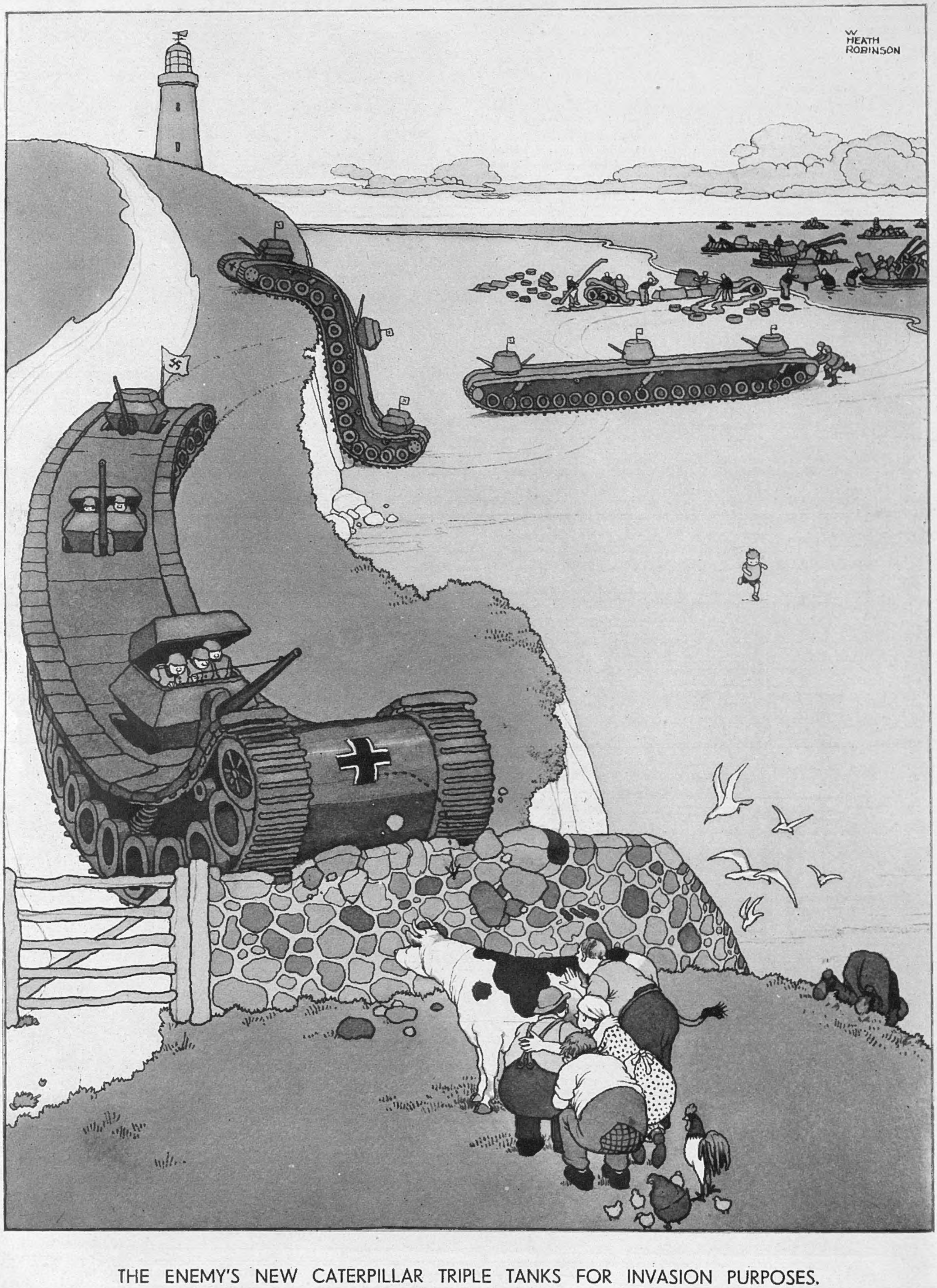
HENRIETTA.



"I nearly missed my train."

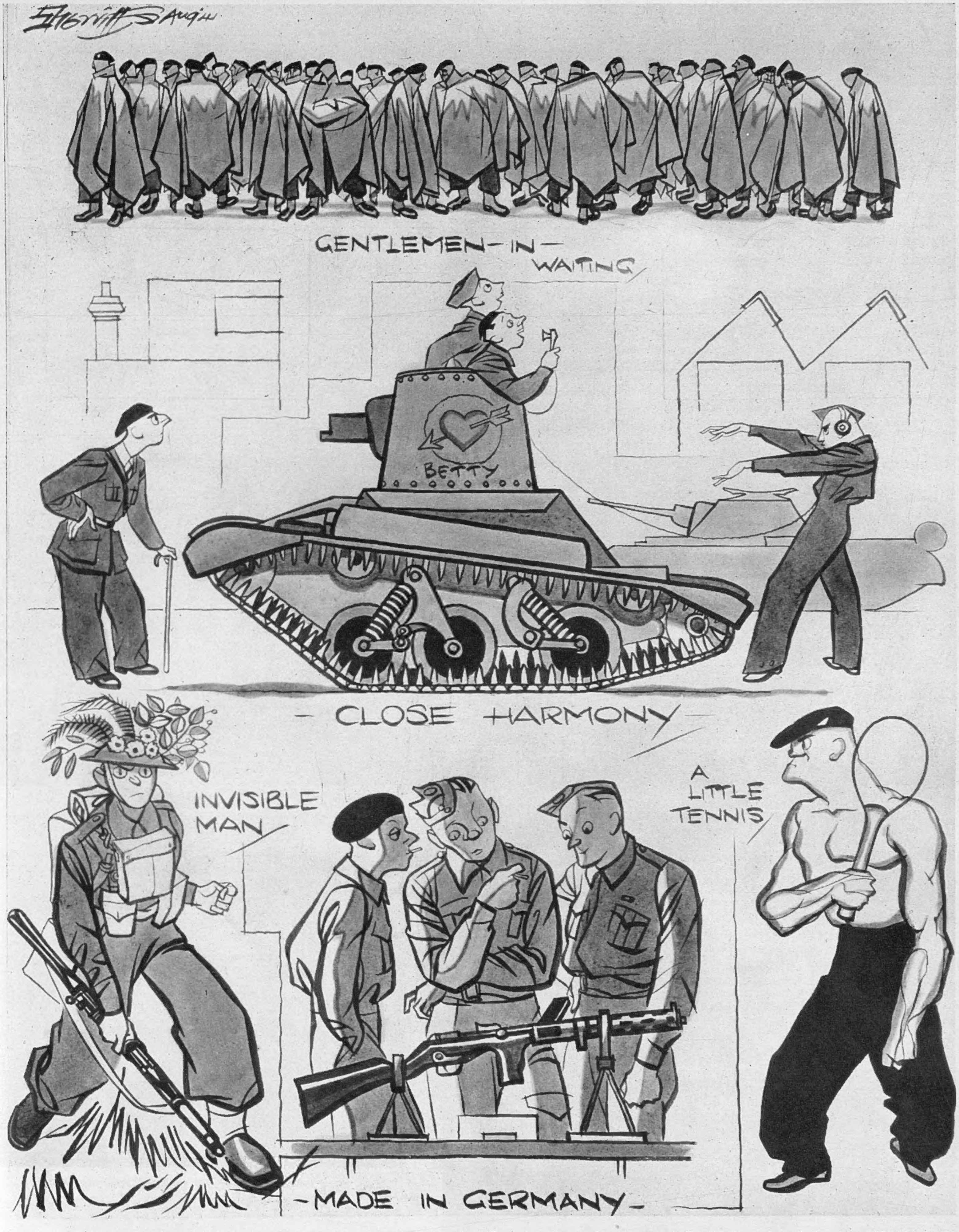
"IT'S ALL RIGHT FOR YOU, JUST BACK FROM ICELAND, BUT I'M PERISHED!"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



THE ENEMY'S NEW CATERPILLAR TRIPLE TANKS FOR INVASION PURPOSES.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



". AND THEN THE SOLDIER." NO. 6.

Tanks, tanks, and yet more tanks is the order of the day. Matilda and Valentine have been helping us to victory, and here's a neat little "Betty" ready to go into action; and some Sherriffs' impressions of men of the Royal Armoured Corps on duty and off.

DRAWN BY SHERRIFFS.

R.A.D.A. CARRIES ON: STAGE STARS IN EMBRYO.

Miss Beatrice Wilson directing an ACTING CLASS *in the little theatre.*

A group of youthful first-term students at a PRACTICE REHEARSAL.

A VOICE PRODUCTION CLASS *being taken by Miss Iris Warren.*

SHAKESPEARE CLASS *of first-term students being directed by Mr. Neil Porter.*

Registering horror! Miss Lizzie Pisk's MIME CLASS, *with Lucie Gray, Kathleen Davis, and Betty Newcombe "holding it."*

Mary Stone learns the use of RIB CONTROL FOR BREATHING *from Miss Iris Warren.*

THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ART are carrying on with the work of training embryo stage stars, though their building suffered severely in raids. The large theatre was completely destroyed, but students are using part of the badly scarred premises and Shakespeare, miming, elocution, voice production, and other classes go on.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

CAPTAIN W. G. AGNEW, C.B., for blotting out the "Wops" in the dark and returning without a scratch.

The Royal Navy dealt the Axis its most crushing blow of the war off Taranto on Sunday, November 9, at 1 a.m., when a patrolling force under the command of CAPTAIN W. G. AGNEW *intercepted and sank two complete enemy convoys consisting in all of ten ships, besides sinking three Italian escorting destroyers and damaging two others. The British force, inferior in numbers and armament—though not in morale—consisted of the two 5,270-ton 6-in. sister-cruisers "Aurora" (Captain W. G. Agnew) and "Penelope" (Captain A. D. Nicholl); and two destroyers—"Lance" (Lieut.-Com. R. W. F. Northcott) and "Lively" (Lieut.-Com. W. F. E. Hussey); while the Italian escort was composed of two 10,000-ton 8-in. cruisers and from six to eight destroyers. The Italian cruisers were at least three knots faster than the British. Captain Agnew's ships reached harbour without a scratch on their paint or a single casualty.*

CINEMA CAMEOS.

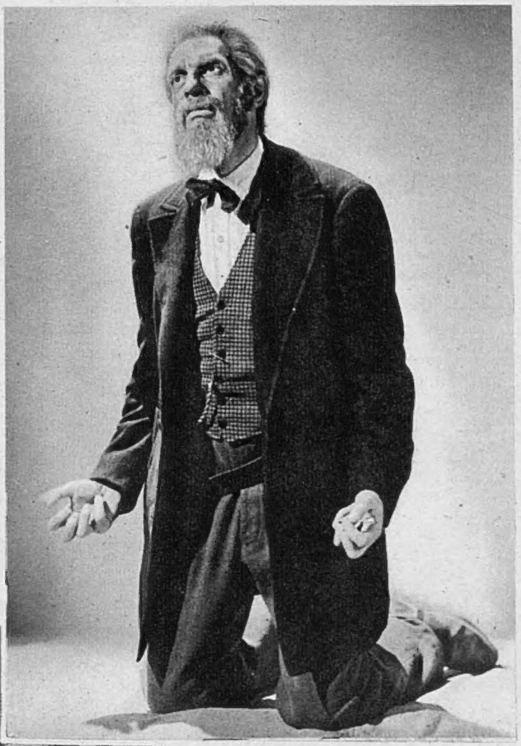
By C. A. LEJEUNE.

FOR two years of sea-war, on and off, Camera-man Roy Kellino, of Ealing Studios, has been sailing with the British Navy, on battleships light and heavy, on trawlers and on mine-sweepers and on aircraft-carriers, shooting film that will bring the salt of the Senior Service into our cinemas. He has sailed the Arctic, the Atlantic, and the Mediterranean. He has turned his camera under machine-gun fire. The time a girl gave him a white feather in a London restaurant, he had just come back from a four-months trip with the *Ark Royal*, during which he had been catapulted off the deck of the aircraft-carrier, shooting all the way.

The first fruit of his naval travels was "Convoy." The second is "SHIPS WITH WINGS," which you can see this week at the Gaumont Theatre. "Ships with Wings," as the title suggests, is the result of the *Ark Royal* experience. The much-sunk carrier is really the hero, or, I suppose we should say, the heroine, of the film, under the patent alias of *Invincible*. Names of actual ships, it seems, may not be used in fictional pictures. The studio arrived at the alias *Invincible* really by a process of exhaustion. "It was the only name left," says Sergei Nalbandov, the director. "All the others seemed to have been snapped up by the Navy."

The *Ark Royal* shots, there is no doubt of it, steal the honours of "Ships with Wings." My only complaint is that there are not nearly enough of them. I could have done with many more pictures of that bare, menacing deck; the odd, sawn-off hulk of ship that somebody describes as a floating tenement; the trap-doors, or whatever they are technically termed, which open to reveal the fighting 'planes like demons in a pantomime. It is thrilling to watch the "Skuas" and "Swordfish" take off along the gleaming deck, with that breath-taking, just perceptible moment when there is no more wood and iron beneath them, just water and air.

Fellow-graduates George Custer (RONALD REAGAN) *and Jeb Stuart* (ERROL FLYNN) *fall in love with the same girl—Kit Carson* (OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND).



As the fanatical Kansas abolitionist John Brown, RAYMOND MASSEY *plays the chief part in "Santa Fe Trail" (Warner Theatre) which is reviewed in this article.*

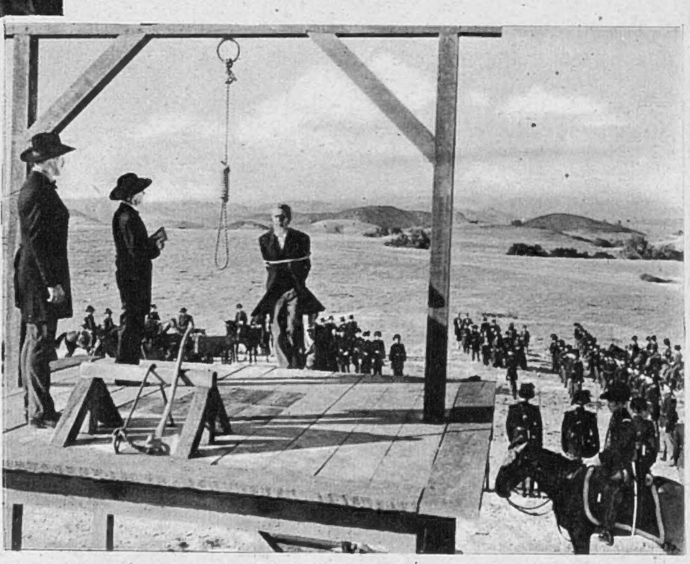
When "Ships with Wings" keeps to the ships with wings, it is fine, dramatic stuff, even if the roar of airplane engines on the sound-track does sound a bit like the Metro-Goldwyn lion. The trouble with the film is that it has a story. And —ye "Skuas" and little "Swordfishes"!—what a story! Once upon a time, it seems, there were three Lieutenants, and they all fell in love with the Admiral's daughter. Lieutenant Stacey (John Clements) is a bold, bad adventurer. His father went down with his ship at Jutland, but young Stacey strums "To the ladies" on the ukulele, and plays fast and loose with the heart of a night-club singer (Ann Todd) in London. Lieutenant Maxwell (Michael Rennie) is the strong, silent type, who "will be an Admiral some day, but his wife will have to share him with a blue-print." Lieutenant Grant (Michael Wilding) smokes a pipe, likes "old houses, walks in the country, books and music." The three Lieutenants together make up Subflight No. One of the aircraft-carrier *Invincible*—and no carrier ever had a handsomer Subflight, I 'd say.

Stacey loses his chance of becoming the Admiral's son-in-law when he takes the Admiral's son up flying in an insecure test-'plane. The wing cracks, the boy refuses to jump, the 'plane crashes and the boy dies. Stacey is court-martialled and dismissed the Navy. Personally, I never did give a penny for his chances with the Admiral's daughter. When I heard that line about books and old houses, I knew she would marry the pipe-smoker anyway. All this is in the cosy days of peace. War comes, and the scene shifts to the Eastern Mediterranean. Stacey, the pariah, is now pilot of a one-eyed passenger airline on the little Greek island of Pamos. So far as we can see, the airline has exactly two passengers. One is a Gestapo agent, heavily disguised as a Lancashire tourist. The other, nobody will be surprised to learn, is Kay, the night-club singer from London.

The Nazis take over Pamos, and Kay, poor girl, gets nothing out of her journey—or does she? At any rate, she is shot and dies, dies in Stacey's arms, murmuring "I must look awful." Stacey gets away in his 'plane, crashes into the sea, and is picked up by—can you guess?—the old *Invincible*. Now comes the climax, the high moment of the picture. The Imperial Army in North Africa, it seems, is due to attack at 8 o'clock. The Navy is to lend support by destroying a vital dam. But the Italians have laid a minefield round the corner, a minefield only Stacey knows about. There is no time to sweep a passage. Bombers from *Invincible* must destroy the dam. They attack, but meanwhile an enemy 'plane has dropped bombs on the deck of the carrier. One by one our pilots are lost in landing. At last, just three 'planes are left, and just two pilots, Grant and Maxwell.

You see it? See the mathematical beauty of it? *Three* 'planes. *Two* pilots. And the outcast Stacey. The Admiral, a clear, quick thinker, sees what he must do in the flash of a second. There won't be a dry eye in the house as the brave old man chokes back his emotion, orders "Fighter Subflight Number One report to bridge. . . . Good luck, *Lieutenant* Stacey." And you realise, if you are sensitive to these nuances, that it is the son of the man who died at Jutland who rams the German bomber, bringing it down on the dam with its full bomb-load, and blowing up the Adolf Hitler motorised division, which happens to be passing by.

A story of this type doesn't really call for any exacting subtlety on the part of the players. Mr. Clements, of course, has most of the fun there is going. He makes a persuasive rascal of his Stacey, and actually enjoyed the part, he tells me. "It 's rather refreshing to play a man who is disgraced, thrown out of the Fleet Air Arm, and then matures, not through drink or becoming a beachcomber, but just by growing older and wiser." Mr. Banks, poor dear, has little to do but stand about, looking like an Admiral and a father. No one else is in the running with the *Ark Royal* for the dramatic honours of the show.



The last tragic scene in John Brown's life. He was hanged in 1859, but, as the song tells us, "his soul went marching on."

"SANTA FE TRAIL" (Warners), in spite of a pretty little romance between Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland, is really the story of that John Brown whose Body, as everyone knows, Lies a-Mouldering in the Grave. Raymond Massey plays the fanatic, burning-eyed abolitionist, and his performance blazes through the film like a fire through stubble. The date is the 1850's, and the story is interesting because it shows, not the actual war between the North and South, Scarlett O'Hara's war, but the conditions that led up to it.

"Santa Fe Trail" isn't very clear. You don't always know which are the good ones, and which the bad ones, as the children say. The brave soldiers, men as frank and winsome as Errol Flynn, for instance, hunt down gallant John Brown, who believes that slavery should be abolished. Perhaps it isn't possible to be altogether clear about anything

so amorphous as the loyalties of a man's soul. That is why we are grateful for Raymond Massey's work in the film. Mr. Massey gives us a man to follow. Right or wrong—but presumably right—he carries a torch for John Brown and his beliefs. "Santa Fe Trail" is Mr. Brown's and Mr. Massey's picture.

The Empire shows a brace of films entitled, respectively, "THE FEMININE TOUCH" and "THE COMMON TOUCH." The one is American, the other British. "The Feminine Touch" is as flippant as "The Common Touch" is homely. "The Feminine Touch" is about a quartette of those tiresome young people who have to dramatise themselves in plays and pictures, since in private life no one would pay the smallest attention to them. The hero, as I suppose we must call him, is a college Professor (Don Ameche) who goes to New York to persuade a publisher to print his book on the superfluity of jealousy in the marriage relationship. The publisher (Van Heflin) embraces the opportunity to make love to the Professor's wife (Rosalind Russell), thus flinging his secretary (Kay Francis) into the arms of the unresponsive author. Jealousy having thus been established all round, it remains to be dissipated. This is done by the simple expedient of burning off the publisher's beard, revealing him, after all, as an ineffectual *poseur*, not at all the type to threaten the domestic happiness of an Ameche.

"The Common Touch" is the work of John Baxter, who directed "Love on the Dole," and it gives a further opportunity to Geoffrey Hibbert, the clever young actor who made his screen début in that picture. Baxter's films, whenever he has had a free choice, have dealt with the little people, the underprivileged and the underdogs. The present piece goes back to the theme of one of his earliest films, "Doss House." The hero (Mr. Hibbert) is a young, very young, Haroun al Raschid of the business world, who suspects, with some reason, that his properties are being used in some crooked game by the Board of Directors. The immediate scheme is to pull down "Charlie's," a rest-home for unemployed and down-and-outs, and build a hugh factory on the site. The young magnate, anxious to find out for himself, goes to doss at "Charlie's," and

GEOFFREY HIBBERT *(left) is the male lead in "The Common Touch" (Empire), reviewed here. As Peter Henderson, heir at eighteen to his father's business, he and Chris Weatherby* (PAUL MARTIN) *disguise themselves as down-and-outs to make investigations ex the board of directors.*

gets the Common Touch. Inspired by the lowest types he finds there, moved by their simple humours and their self-sacrifice, he saves the rest-house, catches the wickedest Director at his wicked game.

"The Common Touch" is no "Love on the Dole," but it has its sincerity and its fun. I believe it would be impossible for Honest John Baxter to make a dishonest film. Most of the piece is occupied with the short and simple annals of the poor, but a spot has been contrived in it for Mark Hambourg, Sandy MacPherson and the sort of cabaret that is generally described as "spacious."

"THE GREAT AWAKENING" (Pavilion) is an odd, very odd, account of an episode in the life of Schubert, seen through the eyes, and heard through the ears, of a couple of ardent young people attending a concert in Carnegie Hall. Possibly it is their bias that lends the tale its modern Transatlantic note, in the exuberance of which the bouncing comedy of Billy Gilbert's coachman and Binnie Barnes's dizzy Hungarian Countess seem almost timid. That slim witch from "Balalaika," Ilona Massey, is Schubert's inspiration. Alan Curtis, no witch, is Schubert. Aloof, grave, startling, almost as if it came from another film, is Albert Basserman's little sketch of Beethoven in his latter days. Mr. Basserman is the distinguished stage actor who left Germany seven years ago "for reasons of conscience." He is the current holder of the Iffland Ring, Europe's oldest dramatic award. This ring, as Basserman describes it, "is a sort of super-Pulitzer Prize, and goes to only one man in a generation, an actor, not a writer. It started 200 years ago with a man called Iffland, the greatest actor in Vienna in his day. One night he was so enthusiastic about the performance of a younger man named Devrient that he presented his ring to him, saying that he was the greatest actor of the time. Iffland asked Devrient to name a successor in the next generation and present the ring to him, with the stipulation that it be passed on for ever." Mr. Basserman, in the middle seventies, is still justifying his possession of the ring he inherited over half a century ago.

"Aloma of the South Seas" (Carlton) stars DOROTHY LAMOUR *and* JON HALL *in a new tropical romance in Technicolor. As children Aloma and Tanoa are betrothed. Later he goes West to get education, and after ten years returns to find his girl infatuated with one Revo. But Revo threatens Aloma to such purpose that she realises Tanoa is the right man for her. The Sacred Mountain, a slumbering volcano, erupts as the wedding is about to take place, but subsiding at the right moment, leaves Aloma in Tanoa's arms.*

I am afraid the Deanna Durbin fans may feel a bit disturbed by "IT BEGAN WITH EVE" (Leicester Square), in which their favourite appears, rather surprisingly, with Charles Laughton. Little Miss Durbin has never before shared the honours of a film with such a distinguished actor. (I have not forgotten Stokowski. I said *actor.*) Hitherto her pieces have been built round her and her voice—gay, airy little trifles designed, often deftly, sometimes not so deftly, to present that remarkable talent of hers and charm us with her blossoming womanhood.

In "It Began with Eve" there is very little singing, and what there is seems casual, perfunctory. Miss Durbin appears as an honest hat-check girl, out on her own in the big world at last, who goes to the bedside of a dying millionaire and poses, out of the goodness of her heart, as his son's fiancée. The sight of Miss Durbin effects such a cure that the millionaire is asking for beef-steaks by morning. The rest of the film—that slow, sad opening takes up a mighty lot of it—is concerned with the son's efforts to placate his real fiancée, Miss Durbin's struggle between honesty and her natural desire to stay about the place and sing to the millionaire's musical friends, and a very great deal of Mr. Laughton, acting mischievous and doddery.

There might be some justification for all this if Miss Durbin really sang to the musical friends in the end. But she doesn't. The climax of the film is the girl's evening out with the prankish old millionaire, when they get a little tight and dance the conga. This naturally completes the old gentleman's recovery, and clears the way for son and hat-check girl to marry. You must figure out for yourself, if you can, what began with Eve.

"The Feminine Touch," also at the Empire, and discussed on these pages, stars ROSALIND RUSSELL *and* DON AMECHE *as Julie and John Hathaway. Elliott Morgan* (VAN HEFLIN) *is a New York publisher suffering from neurosis, a Vandyke beard and a penchant for pretty girls; while* SIDNEY BLACKMER *as Freddie Bond (centre) is good at a party.*

WEDDINGS, ENGAGEMENTS, WORK, A CANTEEN AND A BANQUET.

MISS ANN MASON, *only daughter of Colonel the Hon. and Mrs. G. K. M. Mason, is engaged to Sub-Lieut. Godfrey Woodbine Parish, R.N.V.R., Fleet Air Arm.*

MR. LESLIE HENSON *was best man at the marriage of* MISS YVONNE ORTNER *and* MR. RICHARD HEARNE, *both of "Fun and Games." He stole a kiss from the bride.*

"SALLY" *is a worker at a munitions factory, but when the day's work is done she goes home to Blenheim Palace, for she is* LADY SARAH SPENCER CHURCHILL, *descendant of Marlborough and kinswoman of the Premier.*

MISS PHILIPPA MARGARET JAMES, *youngest daughter of the late Colonel Bernard James, and the Hon. Mrs. James, is engaged to Mr. Arthur Kingsbury, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Kingsbury.*

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, SIR JOHN LAURIE, *is here greeting the* PRIME MINISTER, MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, *when he arrived for the banquet at the Mansion House, at which he made one of his fine and heartening speeches on the progress of the war.*

The HON. NANCY EDEN, *youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Henley, is to marry Sergeant Edmund Wynne, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Wynne, Rolleston Road, Burton-on-Trent, on November 22.*

Lady Halifax has established a canteen for workers at the British Embassy, Washington. Our group shows MRS. W. E. JOYCE, *the cashier,* MRS. P. WORCESTER WAITE, LADY CHALKLEY, *wife of the Commercial Attaché, and* MRS. E. UNDERWOOD, *behind the counter.*

The marriage of COMMANDER D. G. F. W. MACINTYRE, D.S.O., R.N., *to* MISS MONICA STRICKLAND, *daughter of the late Mr. Roger Strickland, took place at Brompton Oratory.*

WIFE OF THE CHIEF OF THE IMPERIAL GENERAL STAFF.

LADY DILL *is the wife of* GENERAL SIR JOHN DILL, *Chief of the Imperial General Staff, whose portrait also appears on this page. She is the only child of the late Mr. Henry Charrington, and was formerly Mrs. Dennis Furlong, widow of Brigadier Dennis Furlong. Her marriage to General Sir John Dill took place in London early in October at St. Stephen's, Rochester Row. Lady Dill took her own car out to a mobile French Field Hospital in north-east France and was transferred just before the German attack on May 10, 1940, as a driver to the Staff of the Second French Army Corps, commanded by General Huntziger. She remained at her post until June 20.* (PHOTOGRAPHS BY PEARL FREEMAN.)

A CROQUET MATCH AT THE DUKE OF RICHMOND'S CASTLE, *in 1867.*

"FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE, 1869": *A picnic in the Victorian Era.*

WHISKERED AND TOP-HATTED CHIC: *A fashionable man in 1858.*

HUMOUR AND ROMANCE: *A charade immortalised by camera.*

Double-breasted jacket and velvet collar: A YOUNG MAN *in the dress of 1867.*

BICYCLING BLOOMERS: *A sporting girl of 1890.*

A HAT FASHION OF 1864.

A LONDON SLUM BOY, 1860.

THE VICTORIAN PHOTOGRAPHS reproduced on this page form an amusing pendant to the nineteenth-century paintings on our facing page. They are all "period pieces," taken with one of the large box-cameras on stands, operated by an expert with his head under a black cloth, which were used at the time. When posing for a photograph, the "victim" had his head held steady by a metal support, and was obliged to keep still for several seconds. The rags and bare feet of the boy from the slums form an interesting commentary on Victorian social conditions.

BACK TO THE 19TH CENTURY—BY CAMERA.

"A FAMILY GROUP—THE CONNOISSEUR"; *by an Unknown Artist (about 1810).*

"THE COOKE FAMILY"; *by* DAVID HENRY PARRY *(1793-1826) (from Mr. Spode's house in Devonshire).*

"THE SHOEMAKERS"; *by an early nineteenth-century artist. (This picture represents Edward Pattison's shop, 129, Oxford Street.)*

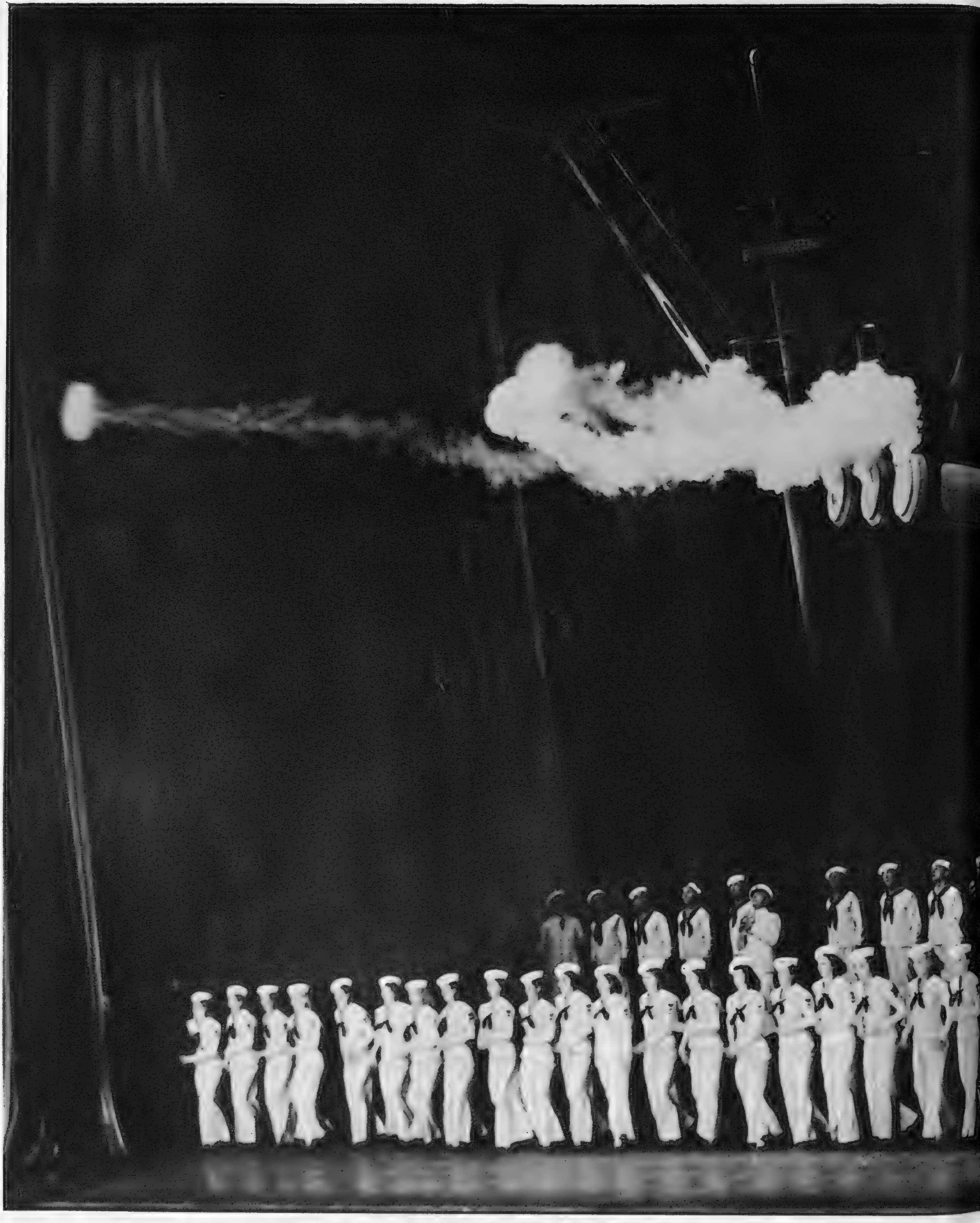
"MRS. STONE WITH HER DAUGHTER, *who married Mr. Morrell, seated in a 'Chaise' drawn by a pony called Tommy, on a terrace of Old Headington Hall, with a view of Magdalen College, Oxford*": *by* JOHN FERNELEY *(1782-1860).*

Left: "INTERIOR OF PICTURE GALLERY *of Sir John Fleming Leicester, afterwards Lord de Tabley, in Hill Street, W.*"; *by* WILLIAM HENRY WITHERINGTON, R.A. *(1785-1865).*

Right: "MOTHER AND DAUGHTER"; *by* WILLIAM POWELL FRITH, R.A. *(1819-1909). (Frith exhibited at the Royal Academy from 1838. He painted the famous "Derby Day," now in the National Gallery.)*

THE EXHIBITION OF VICTORIAN AND NINETEENTH-CENTURY PICTURES which has just opened at the Leicester Galleries carries visitors well and truly away from present-day conditions, and calls up the spacious and opulent security of our forbears' lives vividly and entertainingly. The show includes delightful works, some by distinguished painters, others by lesser or unknown men. There are also one or two frankly comical examples of bygone taste in art. The gallery has been furnished with nineteenth-century chairs and other pieces in order to evoke the atmosphere.

BACK TO THE 19TH CENTURY—BY PAINT-BRUSH.



BATTLESHIP LAUNCHED ON THE NEW YORK STAGE: DANCING ROCKETTES AND GLEE CLUB MEN WITH CANNON TO RIGHT OF THEM, CANNON TO LEFT OF THEM.

N.B. Colour plate inserted here.

The Radio City Music Hall, New York, recently launched a battleship on the stage for the new Leon Leonidoff revue, "Follow the Fleet." Six 32-ft. cannon fire salvos over the heads of the dancing Rockettes and Glee Club men who take the part of the crew. The great ship, designed by Bruno Maine, after the most modern of the United States' Navy's floating fortresses, is equipped with a vast foredeck, mainmast, bridge, munitions, derricks, revolving turrets, and guns. Before constructing this stage battleship, Leonidoff and Maine visited the U.S.S. "Prairie State," U.S. Naval School for Midshipmen, at anchor in the Hudson, to consult with Lieut.-Commanders George Crandall Currier and Alec Murray on matters of detail and technicalities; and when the spectacle was in rehearsal, both Lieut.-Commanders came to the theatre to give members of the Music Hall stage company instruction on correct naval conduct on shipboard.

"IT STARTED WITH EVE": NEW LAUGHTON-DURBIN PICTURE.

Young Jonathan Reynolds (ROBERT CUMMINGS) *introduces Anne* (DEANNA DURBIN) *as his fiancée to his dying father* (CHARLES LAUGHTON). *Dr. Harvey* (WALTER CATLETT) *is fixing the lamp.*

The dying Jonathan Reynolds, Sen., miraculously recovers, and struggles out of bed when he hears Anne's lovely voice.

"This bed thy centre!" Shooting CHARLES LAUGHTON *in his four-poster, with* ROBERT CUMMINGS *and* DEANNA DURBIN *beside him.*

Jonathan Reynolds, Sen., blows out the candle on his birthday cake, while Anne looks on. He believes her to be his son's fiancée, and has become deeply attached to her.

The family jewels are handed over to the bogus fiancée. Anne is embarrassed by the gift, and young Jonathan tries to prevent his father from making it.

"IT STARTED WITH EVE," at the Leicester Square Theatre, is the new Universal picture directed by Joe Pasternak, with singing star Deanna Durbin, Charles Laughton, and Robert Cummings. Laughton has the unexpected rôle of a benevolent patriarch whose death-bed is to be soothed by a sight of his son's lovely socialite fiancée. She can't be found, so a pretty hat-check girl plays her part, and makes such a hit with the old man that he recovers, and gets devoted to her before he can be told of the trick. Young Jonathan finds himself saddled with two fiancées, and prefers the hat-check girl, so, in the end, the socialites—mother and daughter—are routed, and Anne gets her Prince Charming, and Jonathan is provided with the daughter-in-law he hoped for.

Jonathan, Jr., is nervous; but helpless when Anne accepts his father's offer and keeps the jewels. He is still officially engaged to his socialite, but loves Anne.

BRIGHT "LIGHT AND SHADE" BY A.T.S. AND R.A.

Members of the A.T.S. and the Royal Artillery took part in a revue, "LIGHT AND SHADE," *at the Garrison Theatre somewhere in England. The show was written and produced by Bombardiers Cardew and Hicks. This group shows (l. to r.; back row)* GUNNER HILL, CAPT. WINN, BDR. HICKS, MUSICIAN GODLEY *and* GUNNER HUTTON; *and (in front)* PTE. YVONNE GLOVER, BDR. CARDEW, PTE. QUEENIE HOWSAN *and* PTE. DOREEN SWAN.

One of the spectacular scenes in "Light and Shade."

A gay and brilliant musical number in progress.

The M.O. (BDR. CARDEW) *with the Patient* (BDR. "TAFFY" WILLIAMS).

The schoolroom scene, with some clever back-chat in progress.

PTE. DOREEN SWAN *and co-producer* BDR. CARDEW *in a sketch.*

"HATTER'S CASTLE" FILMED WITH A GREAT CAST.

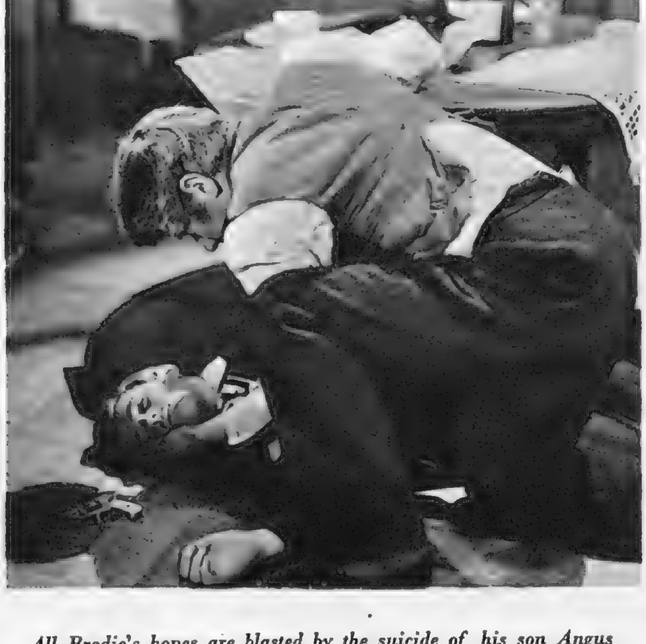
DEBORAH KERR *as Mary, the lovely and unlucky daughter of James Brodie.*

Left: ROBERT NEWTON *as the ogreish James Brodie, the tyrant of "Hatter's Castle."*

Mary Brodie and her blackguardly lover Dennis (EMLYN WILLIAMS). *He perishes in the Tay Bridge disaster.*

The violent, selfish and evil hatter: James Brodie (ROBERT NEWTON) *with his barmaid-mistress Nancy* (ENID STAMP-TAYLOR).

James Brodie and Dennis in a violent scene: Brodie throws his daughter and her lover out of the house.

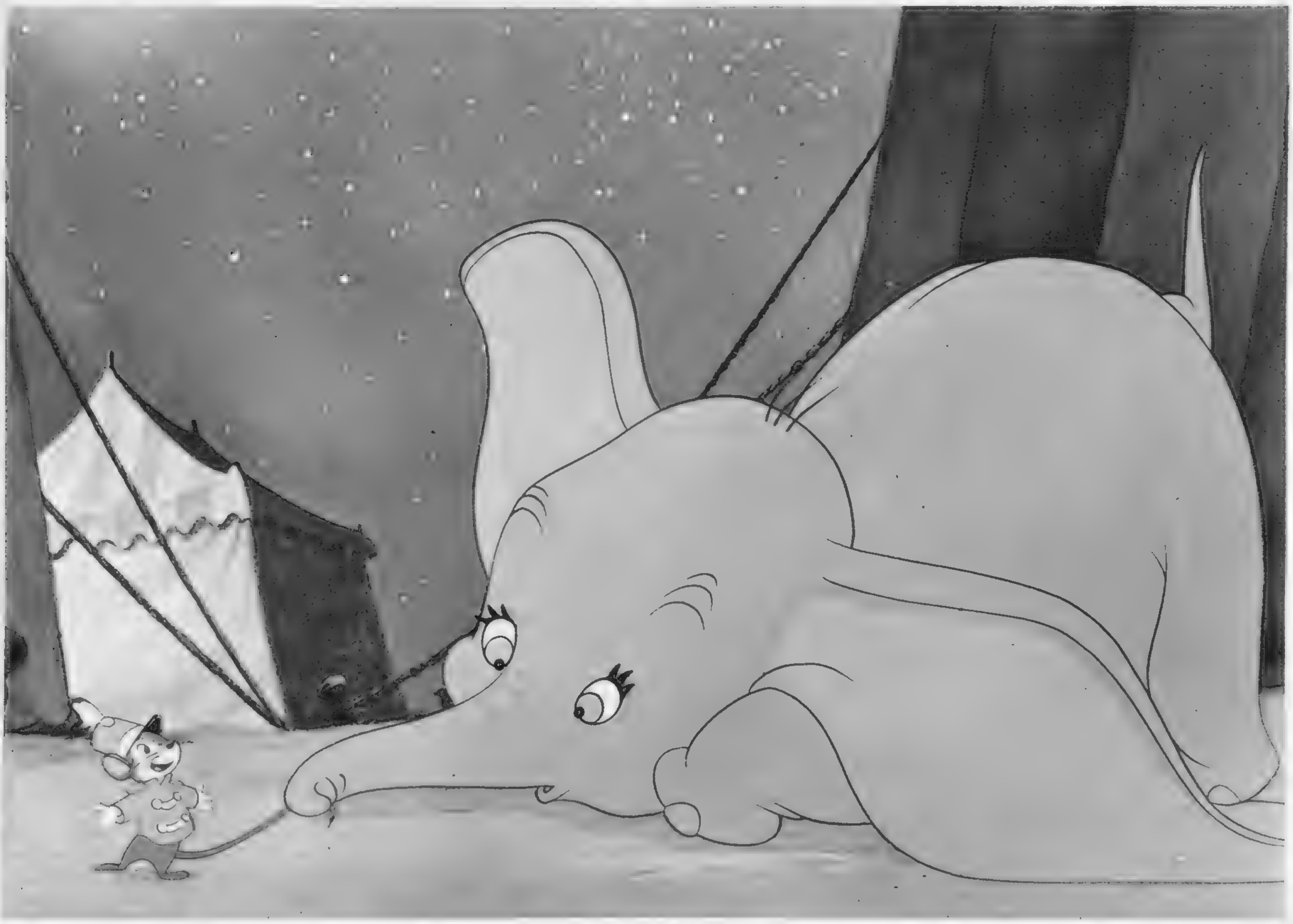


All Brodie's hopes are blasted by the suicide of his son Angus (ANTHONY BATEMAN).

THE film version of "HATTER'S CASTLE," the grim and powerful best-seller novel by A. J. Cronin, is an important Paramount British production, which was due for its world *première* at the Plaza Theatre on Friday last, November 14, held in aid of the London Fire Service Benevolent Fund. A special Scottish *première* was fixed for November 16 at Glasgow, in aid of the City of Glasgow's Central War Relief Fund. The big scenes in the grim story include the Tay Bridge disaster of 1879, which has been reconstructed with historical accuracy.

The end of "Hatter's Castle": James Brodie fires his house and perishes in the flames.

DUMBO *is Walt Disney's new Silly Symphony character, the timid, undersized elephant with the outsize ears. He is the most engaging creature, liable to stir love and pity in even the coldest heart.*



Dumbo, who has only one friend, Timothy, is the star of the latest Walt Disney full-length feature production. He's the ugly duckling in aristocratic elephant circles, and everything he does is wrong, and infinitely appealing! In his misunderstood calfhood he is solaced by Timothy, the rough-and-ready little circus Mouse-about-Town. At the end of the picture something happens to change the course of Dumbo's life: he discovers a weird secret which makes him into a success. The Disney animator responsible for much of Dumbo's cuteness modelled the cartoon action largely from his own 2½-year-old son.

MEET THE NEW STAR, PINT-SIZED PACHYDERM DUMBO.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

THE phrase "Town and Country," which once suggested an association of ideas, has come to imply an antithesis. Instead of "town and country," it should run "town or country," for the two, it seems, do not mix; indeed, the cleavage between them, the growth of 150 years, is deeper, some say, than that between the rich and the poor.

No doubt this is an exaggeration, but no one living in the country can have failed to notice how difficult it is for townspeople to accustom themselves to country life. They pine for streets and shops and the comforting sense of the surge and press of humanity round them; and as every billeting officer knows, they take the first opportunity to go back. "They would rather," says Miss Edith Olivier, "be bombed than bored."

From this painting—"CAMOUFLAGED SOLDIERS," *by Ceri Richards—you may judge to what lengths the art of camouflage is carried. Here and there the sole of a boot or a gun-barrel can be picked out, but the whole confused mass should make a pretty puzzle for the enemy. This is a painting in the third wartime exhibition of the London Group at the Leger Galleries.*

Her new book, is an exposition of the possibilities and pleasures of country life. A country woman herself, she has lived enough in towns to understand the townsman's point of view, and "Country Moods and Tenses" is rarely polemical or provocative in tone. She rightly asserts that the country, being in touch with Nature, being dependent on Nature, has more moods than the town which, almost deliberately, ignores the changes of the seasons, turns night into day, and generally advertises its independence of Nature; and these moods, by a charming, characteristic flight of fancy, she identifies with the moods, at once more abstract and more precise, which preside over the conjugation of verbs: that is to say, the Infinitive, the Imperative, the Indicative, the Subjunctive and the Conditional. Thus, in the grammar of country life, the Infinitive suggests the vastness of Nature which "is so entirely the countryman's attitude that he is hardly aware of it"; the Imperative reminds him that he has got to obey Nature's laws, or starve; the Indicative, which once had to do with signposts, milestones and other indications of direction now unhappily swept away, relates to country journeys performed without these aids; the Subjunctive, with its notion of interdependence, deals with human relationships; and the Conditional, the mood of uncertainty and change in which countrymen of to-day find themselves: for those once "unanswerable arguments," "It always 'as been," and "It never 'as been," no longer hold good.

Pigsty *versus* Cinema.

On this aery structure of moods and tenses, Miss Olivier hangs her observations and interpretations of country life and habit; strings of many-coloured fairy-lamps lighting up (if the phrase does not offend black-out regulations) the darkest places of Wiltshire. As Mayor of Wilton, the oldest borough in England—its first woman Mayor—she is naturally loyal to her own county; but she passes in review other districts, the English Lakes, for instance, and Shakespeare's country, and East Anglia, and Hardy's Wessex; and the photographs, which are many and excellent, as we expect of a "Batsford book," are geographically more comprehensive in their choice of examples than the letterpress. No one acquainted with this author's work would expect her to write a guide-book. Subject to the superintendence of her "moods," she pursues a course as wayward as do the many enchanting chalk streams which flow into the Avon below Salisbury. History, tradition, legend, moral and philosophic reflection—the harvest of the inner eye—come as readily to her as do the crude fruits of fact to the mass-observer. "Consider the pigsty," she almost truculently commands us; but in a moment, after discussing its one-time importance in rural economy—"pigsties might have been a bulwark against the U-boat"—she goes on:

> The pigsty is a symbol . . . it was a big thing to its owner. When it went, life became duller, as it moved another step away from Nature. The farm-labourer lost his daily and most absorbing occupation, and he was offered in exchange a possible weekly cinema in a town many miles off, which he could only visit on those evenings when the motor 'bus passed near his house. An occasional outing, however entertaining, can never make up for the emptiness of the pigsty, which was a perpetual occupation.
>
> And no one with a first-hand knowledge of the two could possibly prefer a screen decked with film-stars to a sty full of little pigs.

In this challenging statement (which she defends with delightful humour and more than a little malice), Miss Edith Olivier sums up, and contests, the most popular argument used by townspeople against the country. The town, they say, is lively, the country is dull. Miss Olivier makes out a good case for the liveliness of the pigsty and the dullness of the cinema; but she admits that village life, thanks partly to the gradual exodus of country people to the towns, is not what it was, especially on the social side. Women's Institutes do a great work in providing social centres; and Miss Olivier is full of suggestions as to how the country may be "brightened" in the days of post-war reconstruction. The practical advice of a mayor and a magistrate commands attention; but for the general reader the chief charm of "Country Moods and Tenses" will lie in its literary qualities and its atmosphere—a combination of the library's agreeable mustiness with the fresh tang of downland air.

Religious Bigotry in the 'Sixties.

"A Garden Enclosed" is a novel of town and country life, but its period is the 'sixties, when the two, being less familiar with each other, were, perhaps for that reason, on better terms. I am not sure whether Lady Peck's nature notes are always quite accurate. "Hedges striped red and white with May," for instance: I have never seen them like that, even in springtime in Somerset. And not only in her observation of Nature, but of human nature too, the author's impressions do not always seem first-hand. Of course, a "period" novel is bound in some degree to be a studio-piece; the writer does not look out of the window for his historical colour, he gets it from books, and in his anxiety to make his characters conform to their surroundings, he is apt to think that a change of costume implies a change of heart. There may have been evangelical clergymen as bigoted and tyrannical as the Rector of Saffronlea; but somehow the Rev. Henry Hoskins does not come to life. He is not a monster of wickedness: far from it. His defects are the defects of his qualities, of his militant unworldliness and profound

MISS MONICA DICKENS, *great-granddaughter of Charles Dickens, is learning to become an inspector in a Government training centre near London. She is versatile, and hating the life of a "good-time" girl, became a cook-general at the age of twenty-two, and wrote a book about it called "One Pair of Hands." For a year she was a probationer nurse, and her new book on the subject, with the appropriate title "One Pair of Feet," is due to come out in the New Year.*

religious conviction; but I do not believe that a good man could have been such a fool, or a fool such a good man. And since the story turns on the Rector's intolerance towards those of other creeds than his own, his incredible harshness to his children and refusal to let them associate with a neighbouring family who were harbouring a Papist in their midst, a kind of falsity creeps into every situation and even infects the dialogue. Says the Rector to his old friend Loudon:

"Neither I nor my house can have fellowship with the works of darkness. Though it breaks my heart, our old friendship must come to an end from this time and forever. I leave you to stocks and stones, but as for me and my house we will serve the Lord."

No wonder that the Rector's wife cultivated an invalidism which kept them apart; no wonder that his elder son, beaten as well as browbeaten, fled to London and lived a rackety life. Thither his gentle sister, Letty, followed him, to be cured of her love for one of the forbidden Loudons and also to be "brought out" by her worldly aunt, Lady Frederick. This sudden ascent to high life bewilders the reader as much as it bewildered Letty; if it, and the incidents that accompany it, were not so unreal, one would think the Rector's mistrust of "the world" more than justified. From high life, on an errand of mercy, Letty plunges into low, and soon finds herself disowned both by her father and her aunt. A dreadful situation, but Lady Peck rises to it and extricates almost every one. Her talent, which shone so clearly in "Bewildering Cares," another novel about a clerical family, and an outstandingly good one, seems curiously out of touch with life in "A Garden Enclosed." It seems as though living in the past had starved her imagination. Only the rather subtle and original portrait of the Rector's wife gives a hint of her true powers.

An Unhappy Marriage.

In "Happy Ever After . . ." Mrs. Beatrice Kean Seymour has an absorbing story to tell. Brenda Martindale, daughter of a long line of Cumberland "estatesmen," falls in love with a handsome young man of insinuating address and, against the wishes of her father and her aunt, she marries him—to find that he is an inveterate gambler and largely dependent on his mother for the money he requires to keep his hobby and his household going. After the last war he betrays a growing disinclination to earn an honest living, keeps a night club and, when this is raided, begins to use his talent as a bridge-player to make an income out of his wealthier friends. His way of life saps Brenda's love for him which, it must be admitted, was mainly physical; and when one bridge-party ends in a shooting affray, death to one of the players, and to herself a child prematurely born, she decides to leave him. He goes to prison, she maintains herself for three years as a cook-housekeeper, until a legacy from her aunt enables her to take the house in Devonshire where the rest of the action of the story takes place.

A Clouded Life.

There is a slight improbability, to my mind, in the assumption that Brenda would for seven years be able to keep her whereabouts hidden from the husband who was looking for her. But though the story turns on it, it is not serious—a functional rather than organic defect. The main thing was that Brenda, unable to forgive Luke, wanted to forget him and bring up her daughter—of three children, the surviving child—without his interference. But Dale went further than her mother. To avoid being questioned at school she gave out that her father was dead, and Brenda, much against her will, had to live up to this lie. Her neighbours, one of whom wanted to marry her, and another to marry her daughter, believed her to be a widow; and like the victim of a blackmailer, she lived under continual fear of exposure. Dale, who took after her father, minded much less. The author, who has all the materials for a moral, draws none. Though her sympathies are with her heroine, she does not disguise the fact that Brenda was hard on her husband; after all, she had married him for better or for worse. But what else could she have done? Without being cynical the outlook of this sincere, well-written, well-imagined story is bleak and unhopeful, and its motto might be, if not 'better dead," certainly 'better unwed."

A first-rate SOLUTION OF BLACK-OUT BOREDOM *has been found by the congregation of St. Luke's Church, Eltham, who have started an art club. They meet every Tuesday evening in the parochial hall, and on Saturday afternoons they go to the church, where there are plenty of interesting things for them to draw. This photograph shows some of the thirty members of the club sketching the font.*

"*Once a Gunner, always a Gunner*" *is true of these* OFFICERS OF THE ROYAL ARTILLERY. *Without picking out any one celebrity, readers will probably remember the Hon. John Fremantle, now a Lieutenant-Colonel, as one of the popular members of the Cambridge Boat Race crew of 1921.* (CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.)

Murder in a Convict Prison.

"Know your routine and stick to it" was the slogan of Inspector Carling, but Sergeant Cartwright had grave doubts about its success in the amazing circumstances that faced them; for murder was done in a convict prison where, in theory, nothing can ever happen unobserved. Mr. Phelan has used this complicated background with excellent effect, and through a mist-swirled underworld there move raw passions:

Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind.

Inspector Carling's mind was of a prosaic turn, and like a good general, he saw both the strength and the weakness of his enemy's position. It was this advantage that enabled him to discover the criminal's methods and to disentangle from among the many cross-threads the one that would lead him to the truth. "In a jail," he said, "fear and loyalty and just plain boredom make men do funny things," and the mutter-buzz of the convicts' whispered communication, the endless signing of papers and reports, the clang of locks and the thieves' slang, do much to make the reader's flesh creep. One or two of the clues in "Murder by Numbers" might be more easily followed with the help of a plan.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Country Moods and Tenses. By Edith Olivier. (*Batsford; 8s. 6d.*)
A Garden Enclosed. By Winifred Peck. (*Faber & Faber; 7s. 6d.*)
Happy Ever After. . . . By Beatrice Kean Seymour. (*Heinemann; 7s. 6d.*)
Murder by Numbers. By Jim Phelan. (*Methuen; 7s. 6d.*)

The twenty-fourth of our NEW SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR BY DAVID WRIGHT *is published in this issue of "The Sketch."*

"THE GREAT AWAKENING": SCHUBERT'S LOVE AND MUSIC.

ILONA MASSEY *and* ALAN CURTIS *as Anna and Schubert.*

BINNIE BARNES *as the Countess responsible for Schubert's disgrace.*

ALBERT BASSERMAN *as Beethoven, the great composer.*

ILONA MASSEY *as Anna.*

Anna in a Spanish mantilla.

Anna in Hungarian peasant dress.

"THE GREAT AWAKENING," due at the London Pavilion on November 17, presents Alan Curtis as Franz Schubert, who cannot earn a living by his music, and so has to take posts as a teacher, or "work his way" on a farm. His love-affair with Anna opens in Hungary, and continues in Vienna, where he has to return after getting into trouble over a ludicrous adventure with the Countess. He wants to earn money for Anna's sake, and she knows that he must not give up his art. Much of Schubert's well-known music is featured in the picture, and the St. Luke's choristers sing his "Ave Maria." Albert Basserman makes a convincing Beethoven.

Anna, the girl whom Schubert loves.

"STUNT-MAN." *

By JOHN PADDY CARSTAIRS.

THE perspiration that had bathed Danger Dan's brow for the last two hours increased its flow, so that rivulets trickled through his tufty, sandy eyebrows and down his eyelids and eyelashes and into his red-rimmed eyes. As he stood and watched the film company on location, his stubby legs apart, his head slightly to one side, the gash on his right cheek (earned in a fight in Panama over a woman who wasn't worth it) catching the bright summer sun, his whole presence was reminiscent of a tired bull in the ring; his breathing was heavy, his water-clogged eyes darted from one to another of the film personnel in the hope of deciding what their next move would be; his mind tormented by the fact that he could not pin any of them down. He was worried and he was god-almighty thirsty.

Dan had hitch-hiked to the location ground in order to get a job. It was plenty important to him that he got a job and got it goddam quick. He hadn't worked in weeks. Not since he got a temporary one, driving one of the Corporation dust-carts about. That was a helluva job for a guy who had been Australia's Number One Dirt Track Rider, but a man had to eat—especially when he was trying to keep his woman. Dolores had been Dan's woman for five years, from the time he had arrived as a Big Shot and shown the natives a trick or two at Stamford Brook until—well, until last night; then she had walked out. She had stuck to him while he was a dustman, but women had funny senses of loyalty; just because he had won fifteen shillings by boxing a preliminary bout and taking a dive in round three, and gone and blued it all in one long, stinking "drunk," Dolores had walked—the slut! Well, he was well rid of her, one less to look after. Gosh! but his mouth was dry; it didn't help any to see the camera-men drinking tea out of large Thermos flasks and offering one another thick slabs of cake. This was their "elevenses"; well, he hadn't even had breakfast. Fiercely, a man with a grievance, he dug his hands deeply into his pockets in the vain hope of discovering a miraculously secreted sixpence. Shucks! He'd been broke before, but not this broke. . . . He'd been broke on the Continent when the owner of the Wall of Death had absconded with the takings; he'd been broke at Coney Island when he'd crashed through the railings after a trick cycle act he did, failed and bashed up three Greek New Yorkers; he'd been broke when an acrobatic barnstorming act he took to Kansas failed to interest the hicks in Kokomo; he'd been broke . . . yeah, yeah, but not this broke. This was sort of frightening. He needed a job bad, awful bad. He had come-to about dawn after his drinking-party, with a mouth like the bottom of a parrot's cage and an anvil beating in the back of his head and his eyes aflame with drink and tobacco smoke and the fact that he wasn't really a fit man. After he had been sick on reading Dolores' parting line, "Good-bye, you drunken louse," he vaguely recalled some conversation the previous evening in a pub about a film company who were doing some trick motor-bike sequences up at Leyland Heath. Hell! That was just his handwriting; he could do anything on a motor-bike, yeah, even *that!* Hunting out his well-thumbed and frayed Press clippings from the sports pages of the world's newspapers, Danger Dan Klibber had made tracks for the location.

When he arrived the company were busy "setting-up" for the first shots. Every time he tried to talk to someone they brusquely referred him to someone else or failed to understand him or told him that they were full up. Dejectedly, but determined to wait, he joined a small knot of idlers who had appeared, genie-like, from nowhere, to watch the motion-picture people. For a time he complained bitterly to the onlookers that he was one of the finest motor-bike stunt-men in the business and ought to be on the film pay-roll, but after a while they began to edge away, so he shut his mouth tightly and breathed stertorously and waited, and the sun began to suck the gin out of him.

Presently the film stunt-men approached and the director indicated what he wanted them to do. Dan recognised one of the stunt-men, a fresh young chap who had tried to nobble him at one important meeting way back when Dan was in the money. Well, if that cheapskate was working, the stunts couldn't be so tough. It was a crying shame he couldn't get taken on, he'd show them some tricks. God! he'd do a double somersault backwards into a blazing inferno for one good drink. Fired by this thought, he tried once more to get taken on. This time he got as far as the Assistant Director, a big-set lout with an American accent and a fancy line in neckties. He told Dan where he could put his motor-bike tricks. Dan, for half-a-pint, would have spat right in his eye, but when you haven't eaten and you've been kicked in the neighbourhood of your stomach by your woman, and you're feeling like a thin layer of bilge, what the hell, you take it—and Dan took it and waited. They tried to turn him away, but he knew his rights; Leyland Heath was public property, let 'em try and move him on.

Then the miracle happened. The fresh young chap who had been Dan's rival in the past, baulked at the final trick . . . just wouldn't attempt it. Nor would any of the other stunt-men on the picture. There was a long, belated argument in which the tough Assistant Director told the stunt-men what he thought of them; this was followed by the pale-faced director telling the assistant what he thought of him for calling such a crowd of yellow tykes, and the whole thing was developing into a first-class row when Danger Dan interrupted them. He said he could do the trick. There was a pause that was quickly broken by the assistant, who told him to scram, and the argument recommenced. But Dan needed the money. Jees, how he needed that dough . . . so Dan was insistent; so much so that the film people stopped arguing and, instead, held a conference about him.

And now, as they talked among themselves, discussing the risk attached to the stunt and whether the red-eyed drunk really could do it and how much he'd want and if he was the Danger Dan Klibber who once headlined at the White City, Dan stood in the sunlight and perspired and prayed, a thing he only felt like doing when he needed something awfully badly. Then, as he watched until he could in his imagination feel the taste of gin again in his mouth, he saw, with rage and inside hurt, that one of the minor stunt-men had offered to attempt the trick. Dan turned away and a little moan escaped his dried-up lips. He hadn't taken such a licking since he was a child. "Hell!" he said, "I'm off for a drink!" The little group around him, in their English way, pretended not to hear him. He moved off out of the hot glare of the sun and retired to the shade of some trees overlooking the location. If only he could get a drink. Gosh! but he musta bin awful stewed the previous night. Fancy that girl walking out on him. Hell! He'd taken a bashing in that boxing booth, hadn't he? He deserved a drink, by heck he did, he'd taken a lamming. The thought recalled to him that his thumping head was partly caused through alcohol and partly where he'd hit the canvas. He thought back and began to hate. He began to think of all the things that had hurt him since childhood, and he hated—suddenly, as he hated, he heard someone calling to him. He looked back at the Film Unit, shielding his tired eyes from the glare. "Hey—you!" Yes, they meant him. His heart leapt and seemingly joined his Adam's apple. "Me?" He was defiant and aggressive.

"Yes, you!" That goddam fresh Assistant Director. "Can you do this trick?" Danger Dan Klibber did not answer. Hell! He'd been telling 'em often enough all morning. Jees, but he was thirsty, he'd even settle for a cup of sweet tea. What had happened to the bozo who said he could do the trick? As if in explanation to his unasked question the Assistant Director explained that the other man had got as far as a run up to the trick and then baulked at the jump.

"Will you do it? Can you?" the Assistant asked insolently.

"Lissen; my name's Danger Dan Klibber—that means something where I come from. What'll I get for it?"

[Continued on page 350.

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FAMOUS HOTEL.

"WHERE have I been?" echoed The Captain. "Well, everywhere, I think. I've had five days of leave, and my friends refuse to let me have a dull moment. I've hardly had an hour for shopping, and everywhere I go in London there seem to be crowds of people. It's a real surprise to me."

"Well, talking of pleasant surprises——"

"Who was?"

"I am about to do so, because it just shows that even a National war issue can give one a welcome shock——"

"Oh, for goodness' sake——"

"How impatient the war has made you! But listen. I received a half-year's interest only this month on some Defence Threes I had forgotten all about."

"You had forgotten it? Go to!"

"I remembered afterwards that I subscribed for five hundred pounds on the strength of something I saw in a paper."

"*The Sketch* was it? They are always rubbing it in, you know. What did you do with your interest-cheque, if that isn't a rude question?"

"I went to the Post Office and cashed it. Then I suddenly thought of Christmas."

"I guessed something like that would happen."

"So," he continued calmly, "I hied me to another counter and bought ten of those National Savings tokens at fifteen shillings and one penny each. Which will make very useful Christmas cards for half-a-score of kids, and do 'em more good than a box of sweets or toy soldiers."

"Redeemable are they? Defence Threes, I mean."

"At 101, in seven years' time. Can't depreciate, you see: not to any extent, at all events. I was so pleased at having forgotten them that I bought another five hundred pounds."

"Money would be mighty little use to us if we didn't win the war. It's a matter, now, of save all you can."

The Captain picked up the menu and studied it closely.

"You can only have one main dish, you know," The Host reminded him, "and it doesn't follow, because a thing is on the menu, that there's any of it left when you come to order it."

The band started a slow fox-trot. The dance floor began to fill. Uniform predominated. A few men wore dinner-jackets. The ladies' dresses seemed to be quieter than in peacetime. Several white-haired women were dancing.

The men watched the scene with interest. "I hardly ever come up West in the black-out," The Accountant remarked. "When I get home, I stay put."

"That happens to most of us, I suppose. By the way, the oil market's been good to-day."

"I've held Lobitos for years."

"Pretty good holding too. Don't know but what I'd prefer Shells as being more marketable. Lobs. are all right, though."

"Glad you think so, Sir. Have you any views about Mex. Eagles?"

"Useful as a gamble, but one of these days we shall find that a good many people want to sell at the same time——"

"That ought to be the moment for buying the shares more cheaply."

"It ought to be; and, if you are a genuine investor, you will be glad to come in on a flat day."

"But what you would call the genuine speculator is either a seller; or, if he wants to buy, he will be tempted to wait for prices to go lower."

"That's about it. I should say that both the Eagles, Mexican and Canadian, will pay to put away, even after their rise. And the good oil shares are as sound an investment as ever."

"Speculative investment."

"Naturally. Home Railway stocks are speculative, if it comes to that. They give you high yields on the money."

"The ordinary stocks do. Not the prior-charges, debenture, preference, rent-charge, guaranteed and that sort of thing. They keep high."

"They can't help it, considering the money that's prowling round on the look-out for investment."

"The Government get a good slice of it, I suppose."

"Nearly all of it, we hope. Because we have to win this war, and it's money that will have a big say in the matter. No, I'm not a propagandist—I'm simply telling you the truth."

"Don't you think that the investor of to-day is looking to post-war possibilities?"

"I'm sure he is. That's the reason for the present prices of Courtaulds, General Electrics, Turner & Newalls, Murex — a whole heap of them."

"You can't get people to buy Home Railway stocks or rubber shares that yield ten to twelve per cent., but they will clamour for shares such as Callender's Cable or Boots, where the return is nearer four per cent."

"Post-war shares are the stuff to have," said The Host confidently. "I still maintain that Cable & Wireless preference is all right if you want over 5½ per cent., and——"

"I'm putting every blessed penny I can scrape up into the Government loans. To-night? Well, it's a mild, a very mild extravagance if you like, but as The Captain's going back to his unit, and I don't know when we shall next forgather——"

"Very nice of you," said his guest. "I have to see the War House in the morning. And I suppose there are people who want a little extra income to help raise the average of the interest they receive from Defence Bonds and the Nationals."

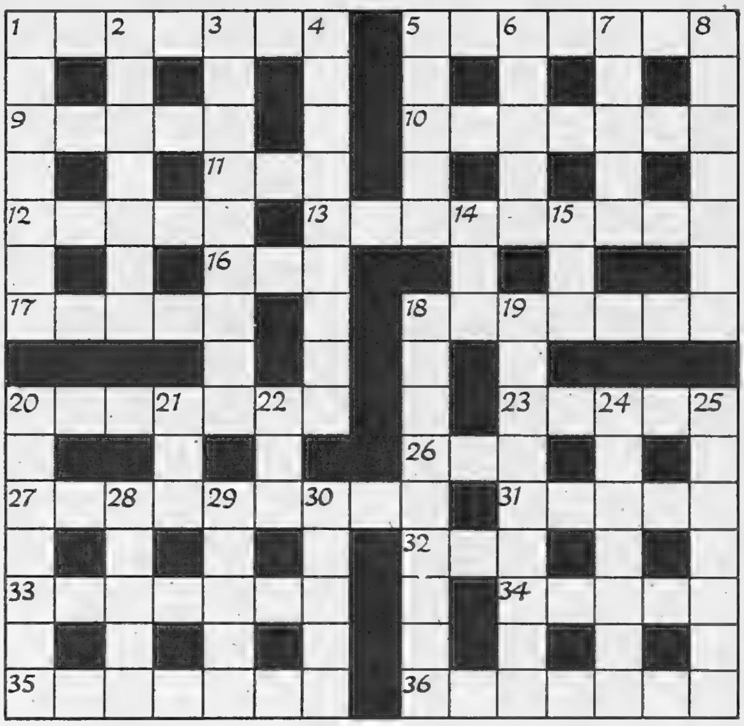
"That's the reason for the buying of industrial and gold-mining shares. The War Loans stand first, though, and it's a matter of win or lose, as I've told you——. Yes, please, waiter. Coffee for all of us. And have you any cigarettes?"

"Alas!" said the venerable waiter. "Lemons, bananas, sweet corn—these are no longer possible. But"—and he fumbled about in the pockets of his tail-coat—"these I did discover to-day."

And, with an air of conscious pride, he handed over a packet of twenty cigarettes!

Friday, November 14, 1941.

"THE SKETCH" CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. Constructed anew (7).
5. He is useful in a controversy (7).
9. Film star (5).
10. Mollusc which swallowed a toy (7).
11. Catch suddenly (3).
12 and 33. Roman gods (5).
13. "Loyal nude" (anag.; 9).
16. Tankards in use here (3).
17. After one has this and the heart is removed death followed (5).
18. Famous tie (7).
20. Character in "Troilus and Cressida" (7).
23. Connects the hand and the collar (5).
26. Found on a penny (3).
27. Not known (9).
31. Game to shrink from (5).
32. Bird (3).
33. See No. 11 Across (7).
34. The final quint from No. 24 Down (5).
35. The worker this to pleasure these! (7).
36. Here we find daily entries (7).

DOWN.

1. No. 17 Across and sumptuously (7).
2. Metal wrought into malleable pieces (two words; 3, 4).
3. These troops will often have wished that they had these (9).
4. Benches (9).
5. Fragrance (5).
6. The leaves of this plant take the place of American "gum" in the East (5).
7. Too many pourboires, evidently! (5).
8. Plant growing in a squalid haunt in Northants (7).
14. Game (3).
15. Peculiar (3).
18. "Ed dangled" (anag.; 9).
19. Casket (9).
20. He holds without right (7).
21. Proceed against (3).
22. These rings are usually pendants (3).
24. Birthplace of Napoleon (7).
25. Disease in the wine results in slight elevation (7).
28. Usually involve detention of the pupil (5).
29. A sacred table (5).
30. When false they are frequently ridiculous (5).

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, NOVEMBER 5.

ACROSS.—1. Axiom. 4. Tears. 8. Rear. 10. Will. 12. Semi. 14. Lured. 15. Till. 17. Pressed. 18. Bygones. 19. Clod. 22. Sleek. 24. Elbe. 26. Tacitly. 27. Dog's-ear. 28. Section. 31. Caramel. 34. Clay. 35. Paean. 36. Yale. 37. Restore. 41. Dilemma. 45. Ever. 46. Irwin. 47. A sin. 48. Eddy. 49. Acts. 50. Needs. 51. Heels.

DOWN.—1. Aver. 2. Iris. 3. Male. 4. Tidy. 5. Alto. 6. Sole. 7. Aspect. 9. Rudely. 10. Webbed. 11. Ulster. 13. Médoc. 16. Ingle. 20. Label. 21. Ditty. 22. Sloop. 23. Koran. 24. Essay. 25. Babel. 28. Scorer. 29. Cause. 30. Napery. 31. Candia. 32. Maims. 33. Levant. 38. Even. 39. Tree. 40. Rids. 42. Inch. 43. Ease. 44. Miss.

'Quality Tells'
BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI
LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69
Wm Sanderson & Son Ltd
DISTILLERS,
LEITH
Sanderson's LUXURY BLEND SCOTCH WHISKY

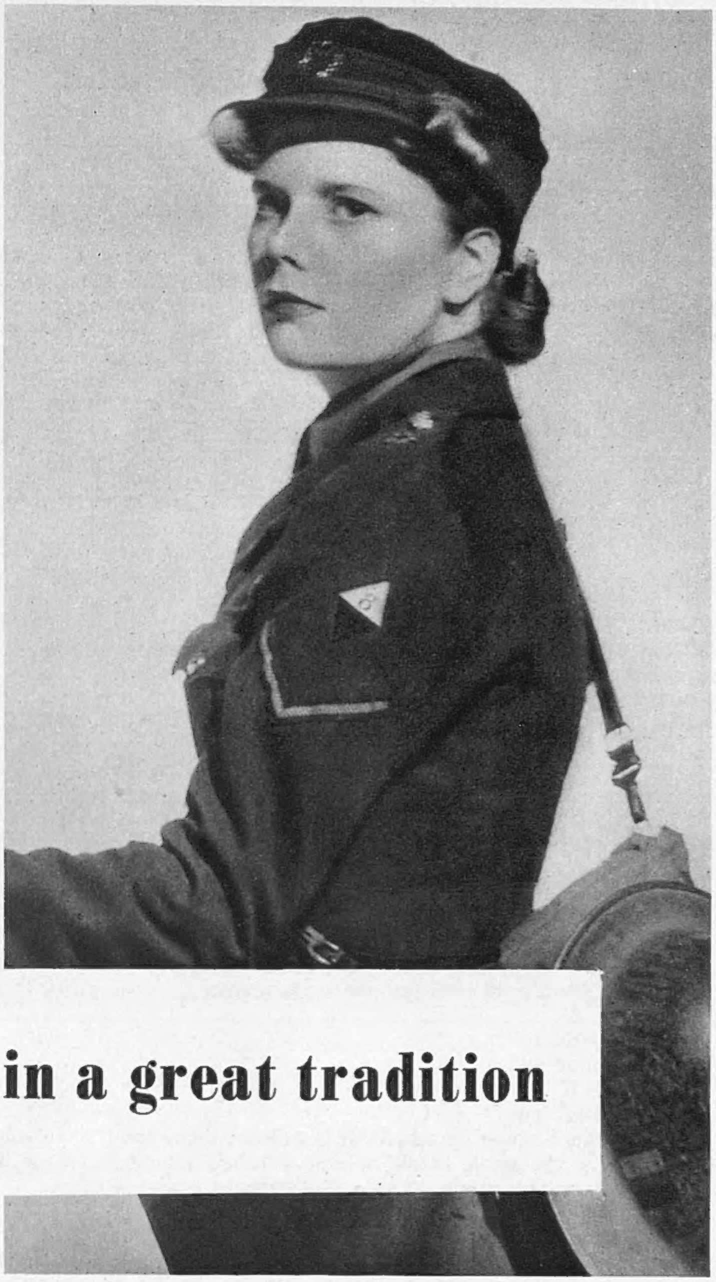
WOMEN IN WARTIME

SIMPLE WEDDING FROCKS
VELVET HOUSE-COATS
BOILER SUITS WITHOUT COUPONS

IT comes as a surprise to many that Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly, are specialising in frocks primarily destined for weddings and informal occasions. They are in black as well as pastel shades. To this firm must be given the credit of the frock above. It is of black crêpe relieved with gold; the motifs on the elongated pockets and corsage are original.

SHOPPING is being taken very seriously, as the best "coupon" value must be obtained. It is in the house-gown department of Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, that the velvet dress above may be obtained. It is relieved with a new embroidery finished with sliding fastenings and puff sleeves. Coupon-free are the boiler suits made in strong navy drill for 25s. 9d. The trousers are fully cut and the sleeves detachable.

NO one can fail to be interested in Debenham and Freebody's new booklet; it will gladly be sent on application. In these salons a feature is made of dresses suitable for all wartime occasions. Among them is the model on the right below. It is carried out in wool and the bodice moulds the figure, while the skirt falls in soft, folded pleats. There are little "leave frocks"—festive but simple. Many of the skirts are arranged with godets.



You must leave your parents and home . . . as she has done. You must come out of your offices and workrooms, out of highly paid jobs and humble jobs. You must come into the Army and help the men who did not question that they should help their country.

" It was the common man of the free countries rising in all his glory out of mill, office, factory, mine, farm and shop " **who suffered for us at Crete and Dunkirk. And now you are called to your new vocation. You too must work for the great tradition of freedom. You have the qualities that Hitler cannot subdue. The shining qualities that will lead us to Victory.**

Write to-day for the full story of life in the A.T.S.

Address it to The Auxiliary Territorial Service, AG18/110n, Hobart Hse., Grosvenor Gdns., London, S.W.1. *Please give me details about the work waiting for me in the A.T.S. This does not commit me in any way.*

ATS

Mrs./Miss.. ....*Age*..........
(in confidence).

Address..

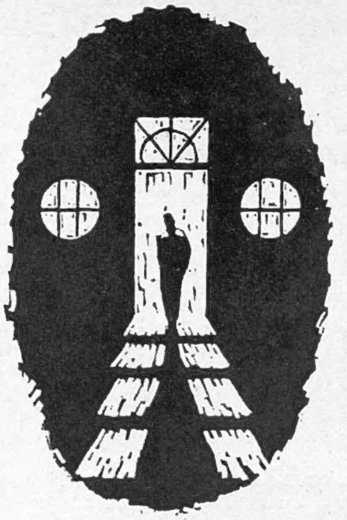
Adventure through service

(Unsealed envelope, penny stamp.

Please call and have a talk at any Employment Exchange or A.T.S. or Army Recruiting Centre. They are there to help you.

The complement of loveliness – a Jamal wave

* no wires no electricity no machinery



When the black-out is just a memory

Streets blaze again with lights . . . ears strain no more for sirens . . . peace blesses this land again. Will you then have the deep satisfaction of knowing that you played your part in bringing these better days?

Peace will mean more to you if there is no duty you have neglected. One duty is this. Buy 3% Savings Bonds or 2½% National War Bonds with every pound of your bank balance in excess of your known wants.

The Government needs your money for the war effort—and needs it in this way. And this need is your personal concern. Act NOW. Time presses. Consult your banker or stockbroker today about investing in 3% Savings Bonds or 2½% National War Bonds.

3% SAVINGS BONDS 1955-65	2½% NATIONAL WAR BONDS 1949-51

These are full Trustee Securities and are obtainable through any Bank or Stockbroker. Price of issue £100 per cent. No limit to holdings. For each of these securities there are also a Post Office Issue and a Trustee Savings Bank Issue with a maximum subscription of £1,000.

THIS SPACE HAS BEEN PLACED AT THE DISPOSAL OF THE NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE BY MESSRS. WHITBREAD & CO., LTD.

Issued by The National Savings Committee, London

"STUNT - MAN"

(*Continued from page* 345).

The Assistant hesitated. The man was broke, he 'd do it—or try to do it for any money, he reflected quickly. "What about ten bob ? " he asked.

Danger Dan Klibber raised enough saliva to spit on the hot ground. " Bunch of —— kikes ! " he said murderously. The Assistant turned away. " O.K.—damn your eyes ! " said Dan. " Let 's see the bike."

They walked over to the motor-bikes and Dan passed a critical, fiery eye over them. " This 'll do ! " he said, pointing to one of them. The group of stunt-men, shamefaced, surly, watched him.

The Film Director called out impatiently to them, " Hurry, there 's cloud coming up . . . is this man going to try it or not ? "

" Yeah, yeah. What 's biting him. Gotta try the bike first—see if she 'll do the leap," said Dan. He tooled round the ground. It was a pretty sweet feeling to be in the saddle again. The engine was okay and she had acceleration, frame-work pretty sound. Ten bob ; well, you could have a couple of drinks and find that woman for all of that, and for a trick on a motor-bike. Heck ! he was born on a motor-bike !

" Better take a look at the jump," the smarmy Assistant suggested, " in case you change your mind."

" I 'll do it, don't worry—that 's if you 've got the ten shillings," growled Dan sarcastically. Once more enjoying the fact that he was the centre of attraction, the star turn, Dan strolled out and inspected the jump. Hell ! the brutes had lengthened the distance, he could swear they had ! He had to run up a ramp, leap in the air and land on a narrow ledge and along down to the ground again. It all depended on the height of the ramp ; could it project him high enough for the back wheel of the bike to be above the ledge when he made the semi-circle in the air ? It was tricky ; no wonder the others had turned it in. These film people were crazy. Hell ! it was worth more than ten shillings. He turned back to argue, but was stopped by the Director.

" Are you going to hurry or are you going to waste my time all day ? "

" Aw, in your hat ! " growled Dan, " gimme a crash helmet, I 'll show you —— a leap. Get your cameras ready."

" O.K. Stand by," shouted the loud-mouthed Yes-man. " O.K. Cameras ? "

" Cameras ready."

" O.K. Sound ? "

" Sound O.K."

" O.K. Roll 'em ! "

Danger Dan Klibber, in an old suit, stale with the smell of tobacco and drink, a too-small crash helmet perched ridiculously on his aching head, revved up the engine and waited the signal to go.

" Let her go ! Get in there ! " screamed the Assistant.

" O.K., Mister, O.K." This was bonzer. This was meat and drink, especially drink. This was it. It was all a question of the way you took the jump. Of course, if the height of the ramp didn't equal the whatever it was——. Hell ! he never did understand maths. He was a stunt-man. Oh ; well, he'd show 'em how to do stunts. That ten bob, it wasn't much, but it would do. " Yahoo—here I go ! " he heard himself shout ; and whee ! he was up that ramp and climbing. Up and up and now the glide ; boy, she's wobbling ! Where the hell was Dolores ? Drink time, almost drink time. There was an almighty crash and darkness and sun and darkness and a taste of very salty beer, or was it gin or was it blood ?

" I 'm O.K. I 'm O.K. I told you, didn't I ? I did it, didn't I ? "

" Yes, you did it all right," said the Director, and he was frightened.

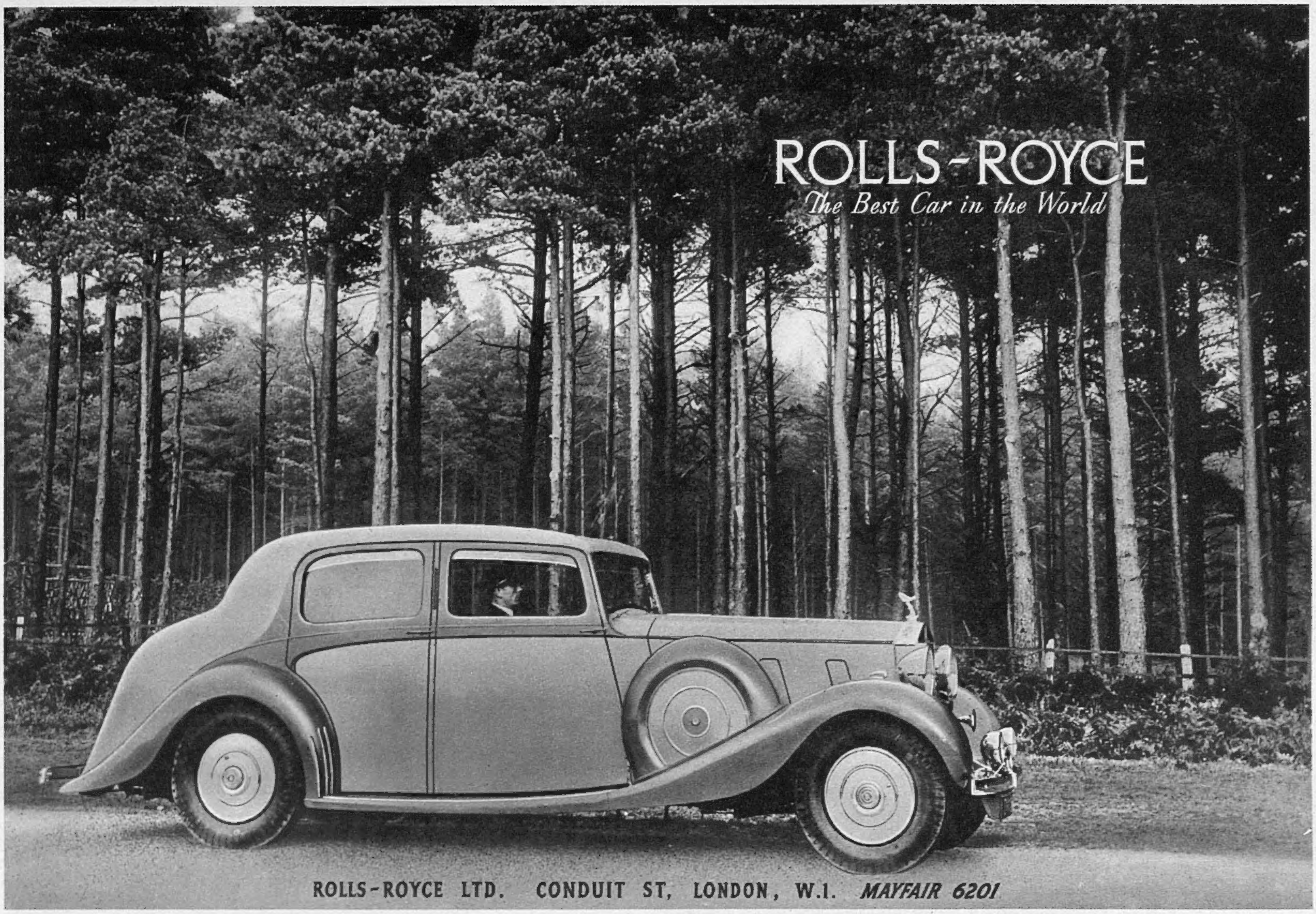
" Send for an ambulance," he blazed.

" I did it, didn't I ? " he asked.

He had jumped all right. It was the most spectacular leap that the film crowd had seen in six months. He made the leap, caught the side of the ledge, somersaulted, hit the ledge again, somersaulted a second time and crashed with the motor-bike on top of him while looping. It looked the real thing. It was the real thing. Now he lay with bits of motor-bike engine sticking out of him and a stupid grin on his face. There really wasn't much use sending for the ambulance. Danger Dan Klibber grinned and tasted and grinned and said, " I told you I could do it. How was it ? "

" Fine," gulped the scared Director. Then Dan suddenly died, and the Director was even more frightened, but not nearly as frightened as Jim the camera-boy. He had never seen a man die, not properly, only on the pictures, and this was rather like that. No ; what frightened him more, and he gulped and his palms itched at the thought of telling the director—that they had run out of film just as Danger Dan Klibber had started his very last stunt.

THE END.

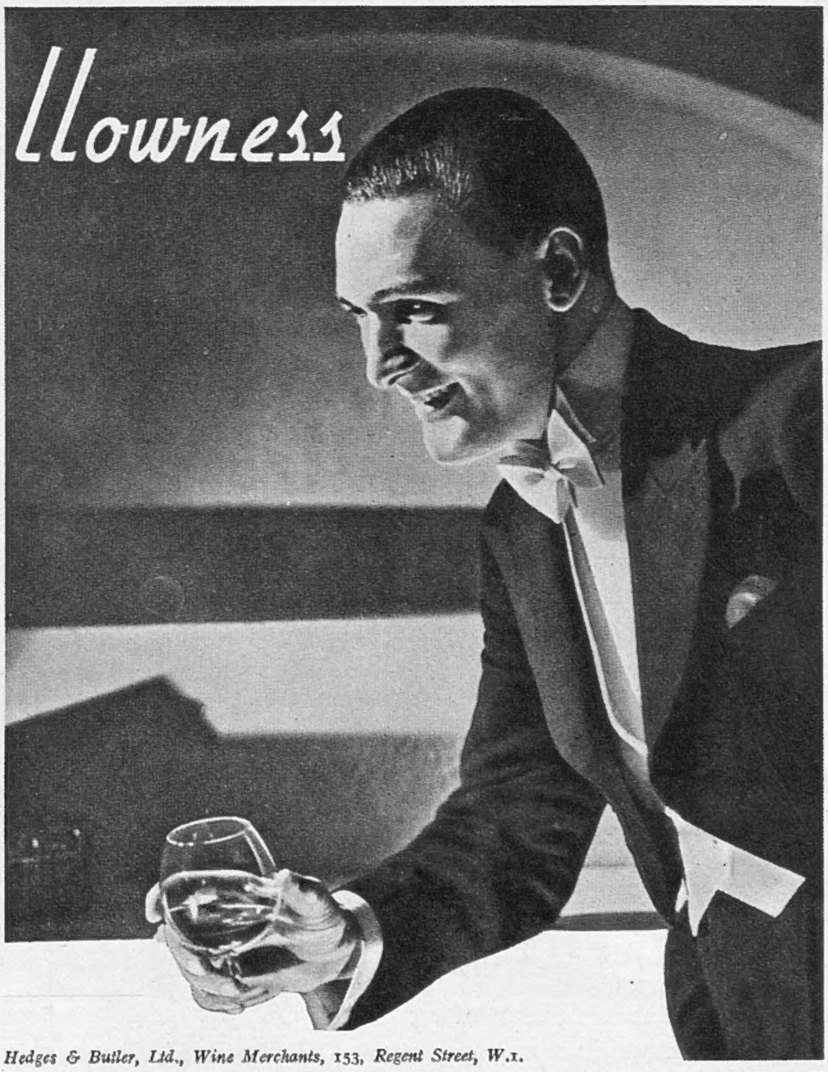


Aged .. of Rare Mellowness
Subtle Bouquet ..
Distinctive ..

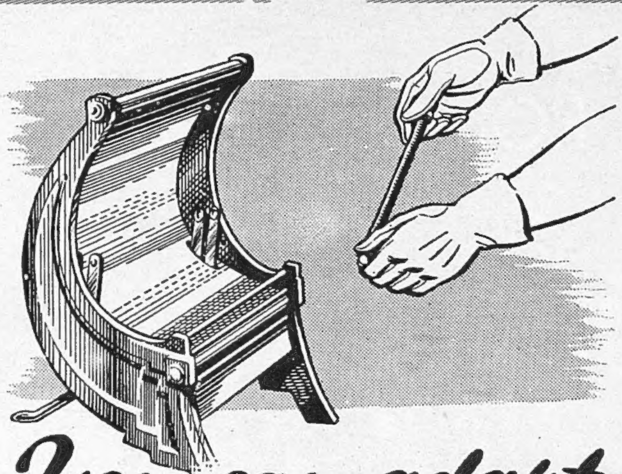
BY HOST · BY GUEST ·
BY ALL PREFERRED ·

GRANT'S
Scotch
WHISKY

WM. GRANT & SONS, LTD., DISTILLERS, DUFFTOWN, SCOTLAND.



London Agents for Grant's "Liqueur" Scotch — Messrs. Hedges & Butler, Ltd., Wine Merchants, 153, Regent Street, W.1.



You can adapt your
FERRANTI
Radiant Electric FIRE
to suit the changing seasons

ELECTRIC fires are, of course, designed primarily for winter use, but they are ideal for occasional warmth in summer, particularly in the cool of the evening. The two-bar Ferranti Fires are designed to provide a choice of "heats" by switching on one or both elements. But you can vary the heat of a single-bar fire by having a "spare" element of lower capacity.

You will find much valuable information on this and other subjects connected with the economical operation of your Ferranti Fire in the

Free Booklet

which has been compiled to help users of Ferranti Fires during the wartime scarcity of new fires.

Please write for your copy today

FIRST • FOREMOST • HOTTEST

FERRANTI LTD., Moston, MANCHESTER, 10
London Showrooms: Bush House, Aldwych, W.C.2

FF279

Ladies into Uniform

We added all that we knew of ladies' tailoring (a great deal) to all that we knew about officers' uniforms (almost everything). The result, though strictly conforming to pattern, is smart and distinguished, with a nice touch of individuality, as you can see from this photograph of a W.A.A.F. officer's greatcoat. We make these Greatcoats and uniforms for officers in any of the women's services to measure in the shortest possible time, and have a large range of all accessories ready to wear

MOSS BROS & CO LTD
Naval, Military and R.A.F. Outfitters

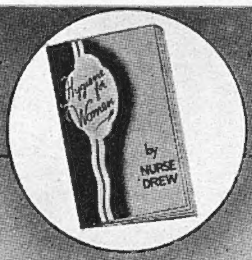
NEW A.T.S. HAT
The "Walking-out" Hat, regulation pattern, can be supplied ready to wear.
Officers ... 39/6
Other ranks ... 10/- (with badge)

Please write for Women's Price List

COVENT GARDEN
Corner of KING ST. & BEDFORD ST., W.C.2
TEMple Bar 4477 (12 lines)

Also 3-5 Upper Union St., Aldershot; 76 Park St., Bristol; 5 St. Ann's Sq., Manchester, 2; 13 The Hard, Portsmouth. And Camberley, Dorking, Droitwich, Hove, Ilkley, Salisbury, Shoreham, Shrivenham and York

ASK YOUR CHEMIST FOR FREE BOOKLET
"HYGIENE FOR WOMEN" BY NURSE DREW



RENDELLS
PRODUCTS
FOR FEMININE HYGIENE
APPROVED BY DOCTORS

WARDONIA
BLADES
FOR BETTER SHAVES
SMALL PACKET 1/-
LARGE PACKET 2/6
FIT ALL 3-PEG RAZORS
Plus Purchase Tax.
Ask for them at N.A.A.F.I. Canteens